The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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Rev J C Bucher L M M

THE MESSENGER.

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TERMS.

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Poetry.

DEATH THE QUICKENER OF LIFE.

"I prayed to God to avenge me of death."
—*Edward Irving.*

O death! thou keen insulting enemy!
Here kneeling lonely in this desolate room,
I have prayed sore to be avenged of thee
For this thy cruel deed; and from the gloom
Of the dark entrance-chamber of the tomb
Now go I forth once more, from this sharp hour,
To fight against thee, battling manfully
With that fell Prince who gives thee all thy power,
And mighty is the arm that strengthens me.
Yet should I falter, and in conflict cower,
To hide my bleeding heart: oh! then the thought
Of that sweet victim ravished from my side,
And Him who to redeem thy captives died,
Shall nerve my soul to combat as I ought.

Theology and Criticism.

For the Messenger.

IS ETERNAL PUNISHMENT UNREASONABLE?

Revelation is above reason, but it is not contrary to reason. Man's natural, finite reason cannot comprehend the ways of God to man, and, therefore, their positive authentication and justification are not dependent on his ability to understand and explain them in the light of reason. Hence if the unbeliever demands, that we shall prove the truth of supernatural revelation by reason, we may safely reply, it cannot be done. If it could be done, reason would then be the umpire of revelation, and that would land us in rationalism.

We may concede, that everlasting punishment involves a mystery which our reason cannot fathom. Our knowledge of the spiritual world, of the soul's mode of existence there, and of the purposes of punishment in that world, is necessarily limited and imperfect. We may not be able to explain the nature and purpose of eternal punishment, so as to comprehend its reason fully; but it does not follow from this, that eternal punishment is unreasonable. Here we take issue with those who attempt to overthrow the doctrine of eternal punishment on the ground that it is unreasonable. They cannot show that it is unreasonable. If they could, we grant that the doctrine would have to be given up; for the Bible cannot contradict reason, though it may teach what is above, that is, beyond the comprehension of reason.

In a recent interview of Mr. Beecher in reference to this subject, he is reported to have said, that the design of all punishment is the good of the sinner, and, therefore, when punishment cannot improve or benefit the criminal, it would be mere cruelty to inflict it. God will punish impenitent sinners in the other world so long as there is any hope of benefitting them, but when this hope ceases, punishment will cease, because to continue it longer would be the cruelty of tyranny. That briefly is what he is reported to have said, and the conclusion or inference drawn from it is, that such a thing as endless punishment is unreasonable, and, therefore, untrue. We think it can be shown that this explanation of the nature and purpose of punishment is erroneous.

The primary or fundamental idea of punishment is *the vindication of right.* There is a universal sense of this among men. Hence the familiar saying, that a law without a penalty for its violation would be ineffectual; it could not maintain itself, and would be no law. It is true, indeed, that as the idea of right unfolds itself in the moral constitution of man, it rises into the sphere of love, and, therefore, punishment does not rest in the vindicatory principle merely, but includes also the purpose of benefitting the criminal, as it also looks to the protection of society. But while punishment includes these purposes, it never loses the fundamental principle of the vindication of right. This principle inheres in it necessarily and permanently, whereas its ability to effect the other purposes named is contingent. For we know, that it does not always benefit the criminal; that depends on the spirit and will of the subject; neither does it always secure the protection of society.

As a matter of fact, we know that the impenitence of many an offender renders the benevolent purpose of his punishment ineffectual. Very frequently it has the effect of hardening his heart: he sinks deeper into sin and becomes worse and worse. But can it be maintained, that in all such cases punishment should cease when it becomes apparent that no benefit will result to the offender? Certainly not. Such a position would overthrow the whole system of equity in punishment. Grant that the spirit animating the moral law is love, or, as President Hopkins puts it, that law is love, yet we know that the effect of love itself upon those who live in sin is suffering—love becomes wrath for them. For while it is true, that law is love, it is just as true that love is law; for love acts in the element of truth and justice. The same may be said of the other purpose of punishment, viz., the protection of society. Shall punishment cease when it no longer affords protection to society? Certainly not. We know there are forms of social evil, which continue to [illegible] the best interests of society, while they continue to be punished both by the laws of nature and the laws of man. This only shows, that, while some of the benevolent purposes of punishment may be frustrated by the impenitence of the human heart, yet, the fundamental principle and purpose remains, viz., the vindication of right. This can never be frustrated. So long, therefore, as sin continues to exist, so long right must continue to be vindicated through punishment of the transgressor.

Now this, we maintain, is not unreasonable, according to the universal sense of mankind. If the position is true, that when punishment ceases to benefit the criminal, it is cruel, mere cruel tyranny, then it ought to hold also in regard to any limited punishment. If imprisonment does not improve the morals of the offender, he should be allowed to go free, because this one purpose of punishment is not effected. And on this theory, it would seem, at least, that all capital punishment should be abolished, because there is no apparent benefit resulting to the subject of it. Certainly hanging does not improve a man's morals, at least so far as this world is concerned; or if the certainty of it does lead some to repent, we know that in many cases it has no such effect.

The case seems so clear, that further argument or illustration is unnecessary. If now it be asked, what good results from the vindication of right in the case of the finally impenitent, our answer is, first, that the primary question here is, no *cui bono*, but, what is right and just. The maintenance of God's moral government is primary, and then afterwards we may ask after the results. The principle of eudæmonism or utility is never primary in morals. Both principles are right in their place, but they do not stand before right. If we knew all that pertains to God's moral government in the whole universe, we should doubtless see clearly the good that results from the eternal punishment of the wicked, supposing, of course, that this doctrine is taught in the word of God. For we are not discussing this latter question here. We are simply attempting to refute the argument that it cannot be taught there because it is unreasonable. We concede that it is a dark mystery, and that we cannot fully understand it in the weak light of reason. But that is one thing, and to maintain that it is unreasonable, is quite another. No argument, we maintain, can prove that it is unreasonable, and, therefore, if it is taught in the word of God, we may, and we should, accept it, even though we may not be able fully to comprehend its nature and results. The question, whether the Bible does teach everlasting punishment is to be determined by the rules of interpretation, and not by our ability to comprehend it in the light of our imperfect reason.

Communications.

DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

THE CAUSE OF MISSIONS IN LEHIGH COUNTY.

After we had visited several of our large congregations in Berks county and worshiped with them, we left home with pleasure to preach in what is properly known as the Egypt church in Lehigh country, by invitation of its pastor, Rev. S. A. Leinbach. It is one of the oldest churches in our connection. It has had no less than three buildings, including the present fine edifice, the first having been erected in the year of our Lord, 1733. We had heard of this venerable church, and we approached it with no small degree of reverence, we must confess. We had hoped to see it in its strength, as we should have done, if the day had been favorable and the roads had been passable. But this did not turn out to be the case. Many were prevented from being present by the condition of the roads, very much to the regret of the pastor and others. We had, however, an audience as large as most of our ministers have on a fair day. The congregation was attentive and something was given for the cause of missions, not a large amount. We will thing. We presume the congregation will make up in amount, the next time they get an opportunity to do something for the good cause. Of late years it has made commendable progress in liberality. For many years it gave its pastor one hundred dollars a year, but after the old charge served by Father Dubbs was divided, it undertook to support its own pastor, and leaped up to seven hundred a year; and in addition, it increased its contributions to the benevolent operations of the Church. We were glad to hear of that. It also gave rise to the new congregation and church, at Coplay, which is growing up like a fair daughter by the side of its mother. The audience at Coplay in the evening was good and so also the collection. The services here were in the English language, and we were told that we were well understood.

A RAINY SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

As there was no appointment for the afternoon, the ministers remained at home and rested at the hospitable home of Elder O. L. Schreiber until evening. As it was a rainy Sunday in the country, we staid in the house and discussed the subject of missions and the affairs of the Church generally. At length, we constituted ourselves into a committee of three, two ministers and one elder, and proceeded to draw up a constitution for a congregational missionary society, something which Elder Schreiber says a committee of Synod, of which he was once a member, neglected to attend to according to the wish of the Synod. This last committee succeeded in their work, drew up a short and simple document, and, after reading it over as a whole, pronounced it well adapted for the purpose in any of our congregations, whether in the larger towns and cities or in the country. Should any of our pastors or consistories wish to organize such auxiliary missionary associations in their congregations, we would suggest to them to write for a copy of the Coplay constitution to Bro. Leinbach or elder Schreiber. They would, no doubt, be pleased to furnish them a copy. We hope to hear soon that it has been adopted in the church at Coplay. With slight modifications, it would suit in other congregations, and if adopted by the friends of missions in voluntary congregational societies, it would be productive of an unspeakable amount of good to our Church as a whole, and to the cause of missions generally. Dr. Miller, President of the Board, or the Superintendent would, no doubt, also furnish to any person a form for such a constitution.

A MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN LEHIGH COUNTY.

A short time ago, an appropriation by the Missionary Society of South White Hall congregation in Lehigh county, for California Missions, was announced in this paper. It arrested our attention at the time, and when we got in the neighborhood, we made some inquiry in regard to it of the pastor, Rev. W. R. Hofford, President of the Allentown Female Seminary We learned the following facts, which we regard as of much interest, and as worthy to be laid before the readers of the MESSENGER. The brethren, who have been engaged in this good work, do not seek notoriety, and do not wish their good deeds to be published abroad; but they will, no doubt, excuse us for referring to their society in this public way, because it may, as we think, assist the cause of missions in other places, and perhaps encourage others also to unite in an humble way to do something for the spread of the kingdom of Christ in the world. This society was organized about four years ago; it is a voluntary association, has its constitution and officers, and is made up of the old and young, the grey-haired sire, and little boys and girls, who are willing to pay one penny or more weekly, for the cause of missions It meets monthly on Sunday, after the regular services of the day, at which time the weekly contributions are handed over to the treasurer in an envelope, delinquent members reminded of their arrears, appropriations made to needy missions, and pleasant conversation engaged in by the pastor and members, in regard to missions or other edifying subjects. The meetings need not be long. They may be either altogether social or in part devotional. The amount of money raised in this way ranges from sixty to seventy dollars a year. There is always something in the treasury, and the society is ready to respond at any time, when there is a call for help. The congregation, in its usual collections, generally makes up the amount assessed on it by Classis, or, if it should fall short of that, the society votes an appropriation to make up the deficiency. In this way, the congregation is always square with the Classis, and through this little society, it gives yearly over and above what it is asked to do by the Classis. Its members constitute the smaller part of the congregation, some forty or fifty thus far. It is purely a voluntary matter, and those who do not see proper to join it, and prefer to give in some other way, are at liberty of course to do so. But they are expected to withhold criticism or opposition, and to leave it alone and permit it to pursue its own course of usefulness. Such has been the case, and it has been doing, in an unobtrusive way, a good work. It is not likely to decline. It is its own exceedingly great reward. It is suggestive, and hence we direct attention to it. Could not such associations be established in all our congregations? We think they might, with very few exceptions. And if they can, we further ask, why is it not done at once? We ourselves know of no good reason why pastors and consistories should not go to work at once and establish them without delay. They are scriptural and in accordance with the apostolic plan of benevolence. They would relieve pastors of much anxiety about matters of this kind, supersede the necessity of taking up special collections, and fill up our treasuries, so that there would be no want at the end of the year. The stream of benevolence would be continually flowing, and the people would learn to give cheerfully. It is, we think, by far the best plan, and we commend it to all our ministers and the friends of missionaries, and hope that they will try to introduce it into their congregations. All that is necessary, as it seems us, is for the pastor and a few persons to take it in hand and say, *folget uns nach.*

A wise believer observes God in all, looks to God through all, goes to God with all, trusts God for all, loves God above all, and honors God more than all. Do you aim at this? Opportunities are special seasons for glorifying God; therefore, watch for them, improve them, and make the most of them.

Selected.

CHURCH ACOUSTICS.

In the late Episcopal Congress, a bishop, speaking of churches, said the modern style of church architecture had grown into its proportions somewhat at the expense of its adaptation to religious uses. He referred also to a church which was considered admirable, except that it had two defects—namely, "that you could neither see nor hear in it." In buildings, large and small, in city and country, there are acoustical defects which hinder the comfort and edification of the worshipper. Some of them are so utterly without resonance that the speaker's voice is flat and dull, and it is only by a strain he can make people hear him, even if they are within easy distance. We were pointed to a church of this kind, not far away, in which worshipers are known as sleepers and anti-sleepers, according to the position of their pews. From the pulpit half way back to a spot marked by a pillar supporting the gallery, all are wide-awake, for the preacher is a man of interest and power; but from that to the rear they uniformly go to sleep, since his voice rarely reaches them. There is a law of acoustics, and it can be so followed that churches and other buildings for public speaking and hearing can profit by it; but the average architect, if we may judge by his work, seems to be concerned about nothing so much as its violation. It is impossible to tell how many ministerial sore throats have been caused by these blunders in building. Houses that ought to be filled by low tones, and even a whisper, often require a shouting that is the ruin of any vocal machinery. People must hear, and he must shout and—suffer. In the same way excellent sermons are spoiled, the comfort of the congregation is marred, and many of the good results of preaching the gospel are interrupted and hindered.

We were in a church not long since which was a model of neatness. No one could look at it without admiring and praising. Its plan, arrangement, style, finish, and everything the eye could study, was of such a character as might start the envy of the incautious pastor who preaches in a house less handsome. But the utmost care and precision in the speaker was often unavailing as he strove to make the audience understand his utterances. The architect who perpetrates such a blunder is an enemy to the gospel.—*United Presbyterian.*

THE COMING POPE.

The Roman correspondent of the Cologne Gazette gives a sketch of the character of Cardinal Bilio, who, he is of opinion, has a greater chance than any one else of succeeding the present Pope. Bilio is described as being proficient in the use of devout language; and as being therefore secure of the votes of many of the older and pious members of the Holy College. Moreover, he had great influence with Pious IX., and is consequently treated with great respect by all the officials of the Vatican. It was not for nothing, the correspondent adds, that he compiled the Syllabus—the compendium of the religious wisdom and inspiration of the Pontiff. He is an enterprising, daring, and energetic man, fifty-eight years of age, and believing firmly and implicitly in the Syllabus, has none of the indecision of purpose which characterizes many of his colleagues. He is a man to burn his ships behind him. The idea of holding the conclave abroad, originated with him, and he is exerting all his power to remove the difficulties which stand in the way of his plan being carried out. It is his desire to wander over the earth as an exiled Pope, inciting the faithful everywhere to rise in support of his cause and that of the Church. Already he is in communication with the Ultramontanes in every country on the subject, and he is a man well fitted to carry out such a project. The matter is the more serious, the writer concludes, because there is nothing in Holy College to oppose to this well-defined plan and firm resolution.

He that preaches gratitude pleads the cause both of God and men; for without it we can neither be sociable nor religious.

Family Reading.

SLIPPING AWAY.

They are slipping away—these sweet, swift years,
Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in their rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a weaver's thread,
Or an arrow's flying gleam;
As soft as the languorous breezes bid,
That lift the willow's long, golden lid,
And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle-down,
As fond as a lover's dream;
As pure as the flush in the sea-shell's throat,
As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note,
So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass,
Down the dim-lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love;
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
These beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusty way of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let
No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
But never an angry word! —*Selected.*

BURDEN-BEARING.

BY AMY P. S. STACY.

"Aunt Hetty, may I have a handful of comforters?"

"Yes, dear," and the little old lady stooped from the rose-bush she was training over her sitting-room window, and picked me a generous bunch of pansies. Ever since they laid away my dead baby with pansies in his hand, the sweet flowers have seemed a part of him, and to have them was almost to have him back again. It was a thought of him which made my tears fall on their velvet petals, as I raised Aunt Hetty's gift to my lips. She saw the tears, but only looked her sympathy. Here is one of those rare souls whose silence is often more precious than other people's best words. In a moment she said softly, "Well, dear?"

"Oh, Aunt Hetty, I'm so tired!" and the tears came fast.

"Yes, dear, I know. Come in, and let's talk a little."

So we walked into the bright room—a bower of geraniums, ivies and chrysanthemums—and I was at once urged into a big rocking-chair, my hostess near me in its mate.

"Now, tell me all about it," she said.

"There isn't much to tell," I answered; "it's only the every-day story. It isn't the shadow of baby's grave, Aunt Hetty; for although I miss the dear boy sadly, God knows new light falls on me through the wide-open gates above. He knows, too, that I am willing to work, and wait here as long as He wants me to. But, somehow, the flesh is very weak. Things will go wrong, and though I don't always fret outside, I do inside—and it wears me. All day long I try to work patiently; but when night comes, I ache through and through. And then the children are sure to be naughty, and I am sure to be cross, and that spoils it all."

"'He remembereth that we are dust,' dear"—the sweet voice trembled—"and I think that what we sometimes count our failures, He may write down as our triumphs."

"How can that be, Aunt Hetty?"

"I think He judges by the motive behind our act. If He sees us trying to be patient and cheerful, may He not look upon it as if we were, even if, now and then, the lips play us false? Perhaps He excuses cross words in us when we are not willing to excuse them in ourselves: the Lord is very pitiful, dear."

"Yes, I know it—I know it. 'It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed.' But this does not satisfy me. I want to be like Him, always patient, no matter how sorely tempted—always helpful, no matter how unrequited."

"Yes, I know. And you are so in good measure. I often think of you, with your large family and your little strength, and if I did not know how you leaned on the Everlasting Arm, should wonder how you kept at work at all. And then, baby's death, coming so without warning! Forgive me, dear, but you are harsh with yourself."

"Oh, no, Aunt Hetty, I am not. You do not know me. Why, if you could look into my thoughts sometimes, I am sure you would be shocked, as I am. And what must God think! I wonder, sometimes, whether outward serenity amounts to much when it is only smooth surface-water above such terribly troubled depths."

"Certainly, it does. It would be better to have still water all the way down—and it is possible—but outward self-control is better than no control at all."

"'Still water all the way down?' Is it so with you, Aunt Hetty? Are there no inside tempests? I know you always seem at rest, but are you always so?"

There was a moment's silence. The clear eyes closed, and I knew Aunt Hetty was speaking to her Jesus. Then, with a beautiful light shining through her face, she answered:

"Yes, dear, I at am rest; thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' It was not always so. I do not like to recall my many battles, for they were fierce ones—but they are over. For me, heaven began twenty years ago. Shall I tell you how it was?" she continued, as if reading my thoughts. "Twenty years ago, I learned to carry others' burdens for the dear Lord's sake."

But what did you do with your own burdens, Aunt Hetty?" I asked eagerly. "I am sure you had enough of those without taking other peoples."

"What did I do with them? Why, just what I was told to do, in this precious Bible, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.' How long it took me to learn that He called me to Himself with all my burdens, and really expected me to leave them all on His shoulders, so that I might be free to carry the burdens of those who did not fully know Him."

"Do you mean that you were never tired after you learned this lesson?"

"No, dear; this poor body often ached, but it was sweet to be tired for His sake. You know how much one can do for a person one really loves—you remember how you worked for baby—and how you had your reward, day by day, in the giving which is more blessed, than any receiving. There's a beautiful reflex in this work for Jesus' sake; the more you do the more you want to do; the greater bodily fatigue you suffer, the deeper inward peace you enjoy. And so the rest of heaven begins in the midst of the toils of earth. For Jesus' sake, for Jesus' sake! How it glorifies the commonest work, and makes the heaviest burdens angel hands to lift us up above our worries."

I could not speak as I kissed Aunt Hetty good-night. Her words had let God's own light in upon my life, and I went home silently to my abundant cares.

* * * * *

It was August then—it is November now. The fierce heats have cooled to white frosts, and the summer leaves lie raked into brown heaps about the lawn. No more fresh flowers are brought by loving hands "for baby's grave." Only the brave pansies bloom still, and frequent bunches come from Aunt Hetty's otherwise desolate garden to comfort me. Their velvet lips speak still to me of my precious baby, but they say also, "For Jesus' sake." I have learned the daily practice of that peace-giving command, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."—*Interior.*

ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

St. Paul's has been burned five times; thrice by fire from heaven. It attained its final magnificence when, in the thirteenth century, it was a vista of Gothic arches, 700 feet in length. The interior was full of noble historic tombs, amid which was conspicuous the monument of John of Gaunt, son, uncle, and father of Kings. But, early in the sixteenth century, the building had been desecrated to such an extent, as to have become known rather as an exchange and a house of merchandise than as a church. "The south alley," says Dekker, writing in 1607, "was the place for usury and Popery, the north for simony, the horse-fair in the midst for all kind of bargains, meetings, brawlings, murthers, conspiracies, and the font for ordinary payments of money." The simony in St. Paul's was famous even in Chaucer's time. His Parson is described as one who—

——"Sette not his benefice to hire
And left his sheep accombered in the mire,
And ran unto London, unto S. Poul's,
To seeken him a chanterie for souls."

A Corinthian portico, of which the first stone was laid by Laud, was built by Inigo Jones, being intended, says Dryden, as "an ambulatory for such as, usually walking in the body of the church, destroyed the solemn service of the choir." It is believed that Charles I. meant this portico merely as the first instalment of a new cathedral, but his attention was otherwise occupied, and under the Commonwealth the soldiers of Cromwell stabled their horses in the nave. With the Restoration it was intended to restore the old church, but, in the words of Dryden—

"The daring flames peep'd in, and saw from far
The awful beauties of the sacred quire:
And since it was profan'd by civil war
Heaven thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire."

Christopher Wren, son of a Dean of Windsor, was chosen as the architect of the new church, and on June 21, 1675, was laid the first stone of the New St. Paul's, which was finished in 35 years. The whole cost of St. Paul's, £747,954, 2s., 9d., was paid by a tax on every chaldron of coal brought into the port of London, on which account, it is said, that the cathedral has a special claim of its own to its smoky exterior. The Phœnix over the south portico was executed by Gibbons, and commemorates the curious fact narrated in the "Parentalia," that the very first stone which Sir Christopher Wren directed a mason to bring from the rubbish of the old church to serve as a mark for the centre of the dome in his plans, was inscribed with the single word *Resurgam*—I shall rise again. The other ornaments and statues are chiefly by Bird, a most inferior sculptor. Those who find greater faults must, however, remember that St. Paul's as it now stands is not according to the first design of Wren, the rejection of which cost him bitter tears. Even in his after work he met with so many rubs and ruffles, and was so insufficiently paid, that the Duchess of Marlborough said, in allusion to his scaffold labors, "He is dragged up and down in a basket two or three times in a week for an insignificant £200 a year."

RUBIES.

It is not a little remarkable, and we might philosophize for some time about it, that while the diamond is made up of pure carbon, or simply blank and opaque charcoal, the ruby, the next in value and beauty, is nearly made up of pure alumina or common clay—98.5 per cent.—the coloring matter, iron, making up the rest of it, the mere trace of lime found in it being unappreciable. Nothing, we may venture to say, in nature's chemistry is more wonderful than this fact of the dull, colorless and lifeless clay becoming metamorphosed by some hidden and almost miraculous way into the transparently clear, red-colored, and almost living gem. Imagination itself fails to find a theory to account for all this, and no progress in chemistry can invent a theory to fit it. It is a somewhat curious coincidence that the ruby, as well as the diamond and other precious stones, is so often found associated with gold. Where they are, there is gold almost sure to be present. Nature produces these, her riches, together and it afterwards is the province of art to keep them together and to exhibit them as one object.

A DANGEROUS PRESENT.

[illegible] sent the Shah of Persia a Krup gun. The present was landed at Enzli, on the Caspian Sea, but it took a month's labor by a regiment of the Persian army to get the cannon to Teheran Arrived there, a day was appointed to fire it. The court and almost the entire population of the city assembled. Bang! went the cannon, away scampered half the multitude, and down tumbled the minaret off one of the city gates, near which the gun had been placed. But there was another disaster. In an hour's time a messenger arrived from a village five miles away, and reported that its inhabitants were bewailing the loss of their mosque. The cannon ball from the cannon had struck the building and ruined it. The Shah was so dismayed by the effect that he never permitted the cannon to be fired off again.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

It is the old question, and in one form or another, it presents itself to us, as we sit down to consider our duties. Did it ever occur to you that sometimes in our zeal to do good and to be good as well, for the being must antedate the doing, we overlook neighborly acts of kindness for which sad hearts are waiting?

This morning, a gay young girl, one of the brightest and prettiest among your acquaintances, ran in to see you. She sat by your fire, she looked over your books, and she rattled on all the while such a strain of airy, vivacious nonsense, as only a merry girl like herself could find time for. Like Elaine, as she stood a moment in the doorway saying her blithe adieu, she was fair.

"Where could be found face daintier? Then her shape, from forehead down to foot perfect, again from foot to forehead exquisitely turned."

You watch her from your window, as she trips down the street, and the thought in your heart is, that never was there a happier being than the one who has just left you. She seems to have not a care, an anxiety, nor a trouble. And yet it may easily be that she sought you with a heart-ache hidden under her smiles, or that she was longing for some word, some hint, or suggestion, which should go under the surface and begin a conversation about the higher, better things, which sooner or later every human soul must face. There may be some entanglement with a lover, some misunderstanding with a friend, some problem of duty in conflict with inclination, in which she was hoping that your maturer wisdom would aid her, and yet no opportunity was given, and she has gone troubled away.

Your nearest neighbor is often the little hindering child, who comes up to you, with his plea of "Read to me," "talk to me," "tell me a story," just when you are most interested in some work of your own. It is often the servant in your kitchen, who rises early in the morning, makes the fire, sweeps, bakes, scrubs, and relieves you of so much of the hard drudgery of life. You pay her wages of course, yet I think you owe her something beyond them, which is never rightly paid, if you fail to let her feel that she is at home in your house, and that you care whether she is sick or well, prosperous or afflicted, improving as she grows older, or remaining always ignorant and narrow-minded. It is possible to so treat a servant that she shall become your faithful friend, performing her stipulated offices with a loyal alacrity instead of with a grudging calculation of how little may be done, but it is possible only to those who realize what is ment by love to the neighbor.

Your neighbor, again, may be the seamstress who works for you, and who is, so far as you are concerned, a flesh-and-blood sewing machine, and no more. Without making of her your social equal, or your confidential adviser, you can manage to brighten her days, if you care to do so. A flower on the window-sill of the room where she sits, a primrose to take home with her, the gift of a paper you have read, the loan of an entertaining book, some little tangible token of kindliness, will not cost you very dearly, and they will be beyond price to her.

Opportunities for neighborliness are all about us, but we cannot avail ourselves of them unless we have a heart at leisure for sympathy. We must come out of the domain of selfishness. Our own ambitions, fears, joys, sorrows, hopes, even our own household and dear ones, must not too exclusively occupy us. What a wonderful amount of good is done by one really neighborly soul, whether of man or woman, to all who come under its influence. Mrs. Browning in a tender little lyric called "My Kate," thus draws the portrait of a neighborly woman, and I am tempted to quote one or two stanzas here, they so perfectly describe the ideal which I have in mind:

"I doubt if she said to you, much that could act
As a thought or suggestion; she did not attract
In the sense of the brilliant or wise;
'Twas her thinking of others, made you think of her.

"She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right, and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder, who plucked at her gown."

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

BETHANY.

A few rude huts beneath a sunset glow,
A few tall palms with shadows dark and sweet,
A few red stones still gleaming like the snow:
What is there here to cause our hearts to beat,
And what to cause our eyes to overflow?
Yon, where the ruins are, JESUS did weep;
There Mary sat entranced at His feet;
And Lazarus in that old tomb did sleep
Till Christ's "Come forth!" thrilled thro' his trembling frame,
And back to human life and love he came.
Saviour, while yon fast-sinking sun doth set,
Cross Thou, dear Lord, my life's still Olivet;
Let Thy sweet voice its waiting silence break,
And of my heart a Bethany do make.

[JAMES BOWKER *in the Christian.*

THE SWEDES AT HOME.

The Swedes are a simple-hearted laughter-loving people, and they make as much as possible of their short summer. Göteborg abounds in commercial enterprises of every sort, full of ships, canals and factories—a busy, unpoetic life, relieved on Sundays by theatres and operas, to which everybody goes as a matter of course. I remember a delighful evening passed in one of the gardens, while a band played soothingly and the long light fell out over luxuriant green shrubberies and bewildering flowers—a garden full of happy people, full of a sort of old Greek Anacreontic spirit, sweet and sunny as any picnic party in Italy. It is in these brilliant bits of summer that the Swedes lay up stores of sunshine for the long and relentless winter—a winter which is a sort of hyperborean twilight illuminated by the dazzling shadow-dance of the aurora borealis.

The Swedes are constitutionally sunny-tempered. There is lurking in their constitution that drop of golden light which transforms a dew-drop into a lens—a highly imaginative, sociable, sensuous people, supplementing their bleak climate by every resource of art and culture. Swedish poetry abounds in rich pictorial effects, and yet it has the silvery spirituality of the most unsensuous German ballad.

The part of Sweden in which Göteborg lies is full of grain and green fields, and a culture so soft and luxurious that it reminds one of parts of France. The country is mountainous, but everywhere up the mountains there run curving valleys full of rye and wheat that leave behind their lines of sinuous and suggestive green. There are a South and a North to Sweden as different as the South and the North with us. The Lapps and Finns in the extreme North dream of this, to them, delicious Arcadia of the South of Sweden as of something fairylike and unattainable. In the North life is so hard, so bitter, so hopeless: it is a life shared with wolves, bears and reindeer—a life that reduces people to live on the ground bark of trees, grovel in huts two-thirds of the year, and become stuned, abject and miserable. For centuries—and centuries strangely near ours—those northern provinces were strongholds of paganism. The vivid hereditary prejudices of the Finns and Lapps crop out in sharp controversies with the Swedes and Norwegians. A Swedish or Norwegian woman who marries one of these people has to learn his language, there being sounds in the Scandinavian, simple as these sounds are, unpronounceable to the mountaineers.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Useful Hints and Recipes.

DESSERT OF APPLES.—Make a rich syrup of a pound of sugar and put into it a pound of finely-flavored ripe sour apples, nicely pared and cored. Stew till soft, then mix smoothly with the syrup and pour all into a mold. Stir into a pint of rich cream, or if none, new milk must answer, two well-beaten eggs, half a cup of sugar, and let it just boil up in a farina kettle; then set aside to cool. When cold take the apples from the mold and pour this cream custard around it and serve.

If spice or flavoring is agreeable, nutmeg, vanilla or rose water can be used.

ATTRACTIVE LUNCHEONS.—A writer in *Scribner's Magazine* utters a protest against making the school-luncheon so unattractive as to destroy a child's appetite. She says:

"There is something very dampening to the appetite in the aspect of thick bread and butter rolled in a bit of coarse brown paper, with a cookie or two sticking to the parcel, and an apple covered with crumbs at the bottom of the pail. Such a luncheon often will prevent a delicate child from eating at all. A little care spent in preparation—in cutting the bread [illegible] packing the cake in white paper, and [illegible] in a fresh napkin, in choosing a pretty basket to take the place of the tin pail—is not pains thrown away."

"Some children are born fastidious, and with a distaste for food. They require to be tempted to eat at all—tempted not by unwholesome goodies, but by taking trouble to make simple things dainty and attractive to them."

"We have heard a grown woman, whose fastidiousness had survived her childhood, describe with a shudder the effect which her dinner-basket at school had upon her. The very sight of it took away all appetite, and she went through the afternoon faint and fasting rather than meddle with its contents. By all means bake the custard in a 'pretty cup,' and do what is possible to give the luncheon an appetizing appearance to the little people who depend upon it for the working force of their long school-day."—*Youth's Companion.*

FLOWER POTS.—Save the tin fruit cans, and convert them into tasteful flower pots in the following manner: With a can opener cut off any rough or projecting portions of the cover, leaving a narrow rim to project inward. W[illegible] a pair of pliers, or a small hammer, bend this rim down. This gives firmness to the top of the can. Punch three or four small holes through the bottom of the can. Then pain it with varnish made of gum shellac dissolved in alcohol, and colored with lamp black and a little yellow ochre to give a dark brown color. The cans may be ornamented by pasting on them little medallion figures or pictures. They are handsomer than the ordinary flower pots, require less watering, and keep the plants free from all insects, owing to the presence of iron rust in the can. One of the prettiest arrangements for plants we have seen, was a window with two narrow shelves placed one above the other, on which were these home-made flower pots, containing heliotropes, geraniums, pinks, begonias, petunias, fuchias, and other plants, all as thrifty as if grown in a green-house. They should be showered once a fortnight with lukewarm water, using a whisp broom for the purpose, and watered sparingly every second day. On very cold nights newspapers may be placed between the window and the plants to protect them from frost.

Miscellaneous.

SNOW-FALL.

BY MATTIE L. ROBERTS.

Out of the cold grey depths of the sky
The delicate flakes are driven;
Tossed and buffeted by the gale,
Through desolate seas of space they sail,
Till, suddenly, over the bare, brown world,
A vesture of white is given.

Snow on the mountain and snow on the lea,
Forest and meadow and river
Hushed in silence, so white and still,
And over the church-yard on the hill
It rests like a benediction pure—
A gift from the gracious Giver.

What thought the sky be sober gray
And dreary the winds are sighing?
Soon shall the shadows be fleeing away,
The clouds will break, in the dear old way,
And over the hill-tops, white with snow,
The glow of the sun be lying.

What though the heart be heavy and sad,
Broken with pain and losses?
Soon will the darkness be fleeing away,
For never was night without its day,
And glad as the sunlight after a storm
Shall joy come, after the crosses.

Lo, in the cold grey depths of the sky
A luminous light is glowing!
Swift, like a curtain, the clouds are furled,
And over the white and beautiful world
The light of the sun is flowing!
So shall the light break into the soul,
Silent, beyond our knowing.

MOONSHINE.

The Tyrolese cure freckles by washing them at night with water in which the moon shines. In the Hartz Mountains and Silesia the remedy for goitres is to turn one's face to the increasing moon three evenings running, then take a stone, silently touch the swelling with it, and throw it over the left shoulder. Meier quotes a Swabian charm for toothache. When the crescent moon reappears for the first time the sufferer must gaze at it steadfastly and repeat thrice: "I see the moon with two points; my teeth shall neither shoot nor ache until I see the moon with three points." Crabs caught during full moon, and then burned alive and ground to powder, cure hydrophobia. Of course, the moon necessarily assists at all deeds of sorcery, such as casting bullets, the manufacture of the divining-rod, and the like. The following receipt for avenging one's self on one's enemies is given by Kuhn in Westphalia: "When the new moon falls on a Tuesday, go out before daybreak to a stake selected beforehand, turn to the east and say, 'Stick, I grasp thee in the name of the Trinity.' Take thy knife and say, 'Stick, I cut thee in the name of Trinity, that thou mayest obey me and chastise any one whose name I mention.' Then peel the stick in two places, to enable thee to carve these words, Abia, obia, sabia. Lay a smock-frock on thy threshold and strike it hard with the stick, at the same time naming the person who is to be beaten. Though he may be many miles away, he will suffer as much as if he were on the spot." The ancient Greeks and Romans considered the moon to be a protection against the evil eye, and they hung small moons made of metal round their necks as amulets. Even the wives and horses of the Romans wore them. The custom has not yet disappeared in Italy and the East. Some years ago Neapolitan ladies used to wear small silver half-moons on their arms, as a preservative against epilepsy, which popular belief has always connected with the evil eye. The talismanic crescent has ever been the badge of Islam, and it still glitters on the minarets.—*All the Year Round.*

THE UNITED STATES LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

During the year ending June, 1877, the total number of vessels driven ashore was one hundred and thirty-four, having one thousand five hundred persons on board, thirty-nine, or about two and a half per cent., of whom were lost. The total amount of property saved was over one million seven hundred thousand dollars, and the total amount of that lost, over one million five hundred thousand dollars. A brief summary of the operations of the service since Mr. S. J. Kimball took charge of it in 1871 will better show its usefulness, however. Four hundred wrecks occurred, imperiling over eleven million one hundred thousand dollars' worth of property; nearly seven million dollars' worth of this was saved, and of four thousand seven hundred and thirty lives imperilled only eighty were lost. Two thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven days of shelter were afforded at the stations to nine hundred and fifty-nine persons. During 1871–72 the operations of the service were confined to the coasts of Long Island and New Jersey; in 1872–74 they were extended to Cape Cod and Rhode Island, and in the next year they were further extended to the limits of the present districts.

The stations are nearly all alike—simple wooden houses, with steep gable roofs, the only projections around them being the lightning-rod, and the only ornament a coat of red-brown paint. From May until November they are unoccupied, though all the apparatus is ready for use; and the rest of the year each becomes the home of a keeper and six surf-men, who are paid forty dollars a month, and are chosen for their experience on the beach. Their duties are concisely stated in the instructions of the Treasury Department, to which branch of the government the Life-saving Service belongs. "During the winter months the beach will be patrolled by the surf-men every night. The patrol will consist of two men from each station, one following the beach toward the next station to the right, and the other proceeding toward the next station to the left, and each continuing his walk until the patrol from the adjacent station is met. Each patrolman will carry a beach lantern, also a red Coston hand-light; and when an inlet separates the stations, he will exchange signals with the patrolman on the opposite shore. On those parts of the coast where the two adjacent houses can not be seen from each other, the beach will be patrolled sufficiently to bring them in sight three times between sunrise and sunset. On the discovery of a wreck or a vessel in distress, the patrolman will immediately burn his red Coston hand-light, both to alarm the stations and give notice to the wreck that succor is near, then returning to the station and assisting in the preparation of the apparatus. Boats, etc., will be prepared for immediate service."—*Harper's Magazine for February.*

THE FORMATION OF ICEBERGS.

The coasts of Greenland, an essentially mountainous country, are fringed with deep indentations called fiords. Those bays, which, in warmer climates, are prolonged by deep valleys, are in these northern regions filled up with glaciers, and from whatever point the traveler lands, by ascending one of these he soon sees the hills and hollows effaced, and is conducted to the Sermerssouak, or "Great Ice" of the Esquimaux. This is a vast expanse of frozen water and snow, the depth of which is difficult to estimate. Amund Holland, who made a scientific voyage to Northern Greenland in 1875, considered that the thickness, in places where he had an opportunity of examining it, was about 700 ft. These immense masses move slowly downward, and reach the sea by the numerous fiords. To give some idea of the immense mass of ice furnished to the Arctic Sea by this means, he calculated the quantity supplied by two of them. From Jacobshaven, in summer, about sixteen millions of cubic metres were discharged daily into the sea, and from Torsoukatah, 6,300,000. As the descending is less rapid in winter than in warm weather, he estimates that the annual yield of the former was from 2,900,000,000 to 5,800,000,000 cubic metres, and that of the latter from 1,150,000,000 to 2,300,000,000. As these masses reach the sea, they conglomerate into icebergs, the peculiar feature of the polar ocean. One very singular phenomenon noticed by this explorer was that the glaciers are considerably below the line of permanent snow. That height he found to be from 800 to 970 metres above the level of the sea, while the elevation of the glaciers was only 250 metres.

HOW PLEVNA FELL.

It was now about half-past eight, and the Turkish sortie was virtually repulsed, but the battle raged for four hours longer. For four hours the storm of lead swept on as 100 guns sent forth flame and smoke and iron. During all this time we were in momentary expectation of seeing one side or other rush to the charge. We could hardly yet realize that this was to be the last fight we should ever see around Plevna, and that when the guns ceased firing it was the last time we should ever hear them here. It was a strangely-impressive spectacle. Behind us the plain, stretching away to the horizon, dark and sombre under the dull, lead-colored clouds of the black November day. Before us the gorge leading up to Plevna, flanked on either side by steep, high cliffs, and between us and them the smoke and roar and fire of battle, filling the air with its mighty thunder, a battle on which hung the fate, not of Plevna—for the long-beleaguered town was already in the hands of the Russians—but of Osman Pasha and his army.

About 12 o'clock the firing began to diminish on both sides, as if by mutual agreement. Then it stopped entirely. The rolling crash of the infantry and the deep-toned bellowing of the artillery we heard no more. The smoke lifted, and there was silence—a silence that will not be broken here for many a long year, perhaps never again, by the sounds of battle. The firing had not ceased more than half an hour when a white flag was seen waving from the road leading around the cliffs beyond the bridge. Plevna had fallen, and Osman Pasha was going to surrender. The terms of capitulation were easily arranged. The surrender is unconditional. Osman consented at once. If surprise be expressed that it should have been so suddenly agreed it is only necessary to state that he could do nothing else. In order to attempt a sortie, he had to abandon all the positions in which he had defied the Russians so long, and to concentrate his army down on the Vid. These positions once lost were lost forever, because the Russians occupied them almost as soon as he left them. He was down in the valley; they on the surrounding hills, with an army three times as large as his. He had to surrender without delay, for they were drawing the circle tighter every moment. His position was like Napoleon's at Sedan. The disparity in numbers was greater, and he had not even the shelter of the village. So Osman surrendered unconditionally the gallant army with which he had held his now-famous stronghold for so long, and with which he upset the whole Russian plan of campaign, and with which he defeated in three pitched battles Russia's finest armies.—*London Daily News.*

THE CARRYING POWER OF THE GLACIER.

In North America, and especially throughout the Northern States the bowlders are numerous, often of great size, and indicating transits of many miles. Over the Eastern, Middle and Northwestern States, bowlders, that have emigrated from distant points to the northward, occur in such abundance that they may almost anywhere be found if the inquirer will only examine the country he passes over. Upon Mount Katahdin, in the Moosehead region of Maine, stones can be seen, lying over 4,000 feet above the sea, fossiliferous in their nature and coming from northern sites; while toward Mount Dessert masses, some forty or fifty feet in hight, are sprinkled everywhere, and, as in the case of the Deadham granite distribution to the south, invariably show northern origin. In Berkshire County, Mass., these traveled rocks lie in long alignments, passing over the Lenox hills, and extending in generally southeasterly direction for fifteen or twenty miles, and have been filched from the Catauaan and Richmond hills across the line in New York, being of chloritic slate, with angular specimens of limestone intermixed. Some granites from Vermont, on the west of the Green Mountains have been lifted over these barriers and transferred to the southern margins of Massachusetts; while in Vermont a bowlder weighing over 3,400 tons, and known as the Green Mountain Giant, has been drifted from the Green Mountains easterly across the valley of the Deerfield River, and planted 500 feet above that stream. In Michigan, near the Menomonee River, a field upon the northern slope of a mountain is densely covered with bowlders, so that a mile can be traversed without once touching ground. Again, huge nuggets of copper, torn from the immense deposit of native copper at Keweenaw Point, Portage Lake, and the Ontonagon District, on the southeastern shore of Lake Superior are found widely disseminated to the south of these localities in Michigan, Wisconsin, Ohio and Minnesota, a few of which have weighed 300, 800, and one 3,000 pounds.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Selections.

The Christian is not in heaven, yet he is often judged as if he were an angel.

A man is sometimes more generous when he has little, than when he has much.

The Son of God becomes the Son of man that the sons of men may become the sons of God.

Thus spake Richter: "No man is more profoundly sad than he who laughs too much." And thus Lavater: "Too much gravity argues a shallow mind."

"I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise, on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves, to higher things"
—*In Memoriam.*

As even the sparrows are not overlooked by our Heavenly Father, so nothing, whether good or ill, ever happens to His children without His provident care and will, and all things are surely working out, in the end, their highest good.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the marks of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than 10,000 tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition and of unspeakable love.

That little word, "*Our Father*," felt in the inmost heart, breathed forth in believing, confiding prayer, borne about with us in our thoughts from day to day, in all the duties, exigencies, joys and sorrows of life, is a richer portion to the soul than all that the universe can give.—*Gurnall.*

Nothing draws along with it such a glory as the Sabbath. Never has it unfolded without some witness and welcome, some song and salutation. It has been the coronation day of martyrs—the first day of saints. It has been from the first day till now the sublime day of the Church of God; still the outgoings of its morning and evening rejoice. Let us then remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.—*Dr. Hamilton.*

A well-ordered house is a paradise on earth. No other earthly pleasure is equal to the calm contentment of the family fireside. The excitement of even successful business is attended with vexation; the enjoyments of travel are associated with fatigue and danger, and even the pleasures of knowledge are combined with bitterness. But the happiness of the fireside is unalloyed.

All may be heroes;
The man who rules his spirit, saith the voice
Which cannot err—"is greater than the man
Who takes a city." Hence it surely follows,
If each might have dominion of himself,
And each would govern wisely, and thus show
Truth, courage, knowledge, power, benevolence,
And all the princely soul in private virtues,
Then each would be a prince, a hero—greater,
He will be man in likeness of his Maker!
—*Mrs. Hale.*

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbor and himself most true,
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due;
Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations; when the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run;
The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue: Virtue is his sun.
—*George Herbert.*

God is never so far off
As even to be near;
He is within: our spirit is
The home He holds most dear.
To think of Him as by our side
Is almost as untrue
As to remove His throne beyond
Those skies of starry blue.
So even while I thought myself
Homeless, forlorn, and weary,
Missing my joy, I walked the earth,
Myself God's Sanctuary. —*Faber.*

A large portion of divine truth is presented in the Scriptures under the form of emblems, which can only be understood by such as have "ears to hear." That of a harvest is a prominent one. Two harvests are spoken of in Scripture, one of "wheat and tares," and the other of "grapes." Both are types of the great harvest of souls. The "wheat" represents the children of God; the "tares," the children of the wicked one among professing Christians; whilst the openly wicked are represented by the "grapes of the vine of the earth," as opposed to "the true Vine." These three classes.—*Dr. Meymoth*

Science and Art.

Bierstadt's latest painting, "The Shore of the Turquoise Sea," has been placed on exhibition in Boston.

A statue of Queen Victoria was unveiled at Calcutta on New Year's day, the anniversary of the proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India.

One hundred and seventy-six pins per minute, complete from the wire, are turned out by the Pyramid Pin Company, of New Haven. A paper containing 360 is stuck in the same time.

A Self-Winding Clock.—A German has invented a clock in which the winding machinery is operated by the alternate expansion and contraction of glycerine, or other suitable liquid. A piston, on the surface of the glycerine, is so connected with ratchet wheels and toothed racks, that motion in either direction will wind up the weight. The inventor thinks that the contrivance will be especially valuable for self-registering meterological instruments.

The "gold" gilding so profusely used for ornamental purposes at the present day, is said to be silver-leaf, turned yellow and golden by the application of a shellac. The discovery of the process is accredited to a German tinsmith, who, while soldering a saucepan, accidentally dropped upon the metal some of the resin he had been using. This changed the bright tin to a sort of dead yellow, resembling gold. The development of the observation which this humble workman made years ago is the gilding process of today.

A Filter to Purify Air.—At a recent meeting of the New York Academy of Useful Arts, attention was called to a simple method of filtering the air of an apartment. The object is to free the air from dust, excessive dampness, and possibly, from the germs of malaria. The contrivance consists essentially of a fibrous woven fabric, strengthened by brass wire. It is to be applied to windows and ventilators, and may be of service on railway cars to exclude dust. It has the merit of checking drafts, while admitting air. Its general use might tend to prevent the spread of malarial diseases, and modify the dangers that dirty streets occasion to the health of city residents.

The Distance of the Planets from the Sun.—Sir George Airy, the British Astronomer Royal, has recently published a report on the telescopic observations of the transit of Venus of 1874, made by the English expeditions. Pending the appearance of the deductions to be made from the complete measuring of the photographs, the results reached must be regarded as provisional. The mean solar parallax determined is 8.764 sec., and this one-tenth of a second less than has been given by the most reliable previous investigations upon different principles. From Professor Newcomb's calculations, now adopted in most of our ephemerides and based on observations of Mars, the lunar equation of the earth, the parallactic inequality of the moon, the transit of Venus of 1769, besides Foucalt's experiments on light, it appears that the mean distance of the earth from the sun is 92,393,000 miles. According to Sir George Airy's determination, this distance must now be considered as increased to 93,321,000 miles.

For purposes of comparison and also to correct some errors which were present in our recent article on "how our world looks from worlds," which we translated from the French of M. Flammarion, the well-known astronomer, we append the following statement of correct distances of the planets from the sun. Mercury, average mean distance, 35,392,000 miles; Venus, 66,134,000 miles; Earth, 93,321,000 miles; Mars, 139,311,000 miles; Jupiter, 475,692,000 miles; Saturn, 872,137,000 miles; Uranus, 1,753,869,000 miles; and Neptune, 2,745,998,000. As regards the fixed stars, the distance of "a Centauri," probably the nearest, is about twenty billions of miles, and light occupies about 3½ years in traveling from that star to the earth.—*Scientific American*

Personal.

Bayard Taylor owns Schiller's Court sword.

The oldest son of the Prince of Wales was fourteen years old on January 8th.

The former private secretary of President Polk has been discovered, old and poor, in Santa Fe.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Ex-Secretary of the United States Navy, died on the 11th inst.

Whitelaw Reid has been re-elected to the editorship of the New York *Tribune* for another five years.

Mr William Welsh, an eminent Christian citizen of Philadelphia, died suddenly of heart disease on the 11th inst.

Mrs. Sophia B. Herrick, daughter of the late Dr. Bledsoe, editor of the *Southern Methodist Review*, has been attached to the editorial staff of *Scribner's Monthly.*

George Cruikshank, the well-known draughtsman and caricaturist, is dead. He was born in London, England, September 27, 1792.

King Alfonso and his bride amused themselves before their marriage by conversing through a telephone connecting the palace of the King and that of Aranjuez, where the Princess and her family were staying.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in a sermon, spoke of the late Pope as "that dear and good old man who had just gone to heaven from the Pontifical chair." "When Pius IX. died," said Mr. Beecher, "that instant God's angels bore him gently as a little child in the arms of its mother into the presence of his Saviour. It was not because he was Pope, but because a new heart had been given him. The nature of the Pope was all love."

It is related of Turner, the artist, that he was staying once in a friend's house where there were three children. He had brought a drawing with him of which the distance was already outlined, but there was no material for the nearer parts. One morning, when about to proceed with his drawing, he called in the children as laborateurs for the rest in the following manner: He rubbed three cakes of water-color—red, blue and yellow—in three separate saucers, gave one to each child, and told the children to dabble in the saucers, and then play together with their colored fingers on his paper. These directions were gleefully obeyed, as the reader may well imagine. Turner watched the work of the thirty little fingers with serious attention, and after the dabbling had gone on for some time suddenly called out, "Stop!" He then took the drawing into his own hands, added imaginary landscape forms, suggested by the accidental coloring, and the work was finished.

Books and Periodicals.

All for Christ: A sketch of the Life and Labors of the Rev. Charles H. Payson. Edited by his brother, 276 pp. Price $1.50. Postage 10 cts. American Tract Society, 150 Nassau street, New York.

A neat volume, which will be of especial interest to those who were personally acquainted with the man, whose life it commemorates, and of whose work it records.

The Czar's Favorite; or Pride Goes Before a Fall. From the German of Frantz Hoffman, by E. M. G. Philadelphia, James A. Moore, 1220-24 Sansom street, 18 mo., cloth, 242 pp. Price 80 cts.

This is the second of the "Ivy Series," which bids fair to be popular. Frantz Hoffman's stories are well known, and Mr. Moore has issued the translation of this one in good style.

The People's Pulpit for February is a very full number. It contains 60 octavo pages excellently printed on good paper. The Rev. Dr. Tyng, Jr., supplies the reading matter as usual. The table of contents is worthy of quotation, viz.: "In Christ's Stead," "To Triflers," "The Steel-Yard," "The Trees in Winter," "Character Builders," "The Hedge-Thorns and the Fruit Trees," "Some Slippery Places," "The Glance," and "Hope for the Hopeless." Wm. B. Mucklow, Publisher, 42d Street and Madison Ave., New York City.

The Sunday at Home for February 1878. Contents: Muriel's Key-note; The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon; Iron Walls and Hearts of Oak; Hymns of the Early Church; Pharisees and Sadducees; a Parallel; A Sunday at Colchester; Broken Fetters; Precious Stones; Abney Park Cemetery; The Keys of Jerusalem; The Pulpit in the Family; Poetry; Sabbath Thoughts; Pages for the Young; Scripture Exercise; Monthly Religious Record. American Sunday-school Union, Agents for the United States.

The Penn Monthly, devoted to Literature, Science, Art, and Politics. February, 1878. Published for the *Penn Monthly* Association, by Edward Stern & Co., Nos. 125 & 127 North Seventh street, Philadelphia.

Contents: The Month; The Higher Education of Women, and the Harvard Examinations; An Old-Time Album; Art-Weaving Among the Ancients; Meterological Method; The Second Conquest of Peru; English "Hexameters; New Books; Books Received.

This number of the Monthly, which came too late for notice in our last issue, is fully up to its own high standard, both in outward appearance, and in rich and varied contents.

Appletons' Journal. A Monthly Miscellany of Popular Literature March, 1878. Contents: Rambles around Rio de Janeiro; Chanson d'Amour; Jet, Her Face or Her Fortune; Blindfolded; Out of London; By Celia's Arbor; Responses; Reading Aloud; Eighteenth Century England; Good-by, Proud World; The Village-Band; The Carnival of Venice; To Myself; Lady Feigning's Daughter; A Russian Drawing-room Poet; Editor's Table; Books of the Day. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price 25 cents.

Littell's Living Age. No. 1757.—February 16, 1878. Contents: Lord Melbourne, *Quarterly Review;* Erica, *Frau von Ingersleben;* Congregational Singing, *Cornhill Magazine;* Macleod of Dare, *Advance Sheets;* Murder of Commissioner Fraser—Delhi, 1835, *Fraser's Magazine;* Dulcissima! Dilectissima! *Macmillan's Magazine;* Poetry: Motherhood; A Japanese Love Song; The Bloom of the Heart. Published every Saturday by Littell & Gay, Boston.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D., Rev. J. M. TITZEL, Rev. E. E. HIGBEE, D. D., } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see first page.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1878.

THE EVIL EYE.

The Pharisees who asked, not, "Where is He that opened the eyes of the blind?" but "Where is He that hath broken the Sabbath day?" showed a determination to find fault, which may well be considered in every age of the world. The defect was not in the immaculate Redeemer, but in the evil eye of those who looked upon Him; and if the Perfect One was falsely judged, poor erring but struggling mortals cannot expect to escape. The disciple is not above his Master, nor the servant above his Lord. Men now-a-days often exhibit a spirit that perverts and misconstrues everything. Their religion consists in an intense hatred of persons, against whom they have sworn revenge, and they can find poison where other people would gather sweets. Cardinal Richelieu one day vaunted among his courtiers, that out of any four different words, he could extract matter to send any one to prison. One of his attendants immediately wrote upon a card "One and two make three." "Three make only one" exclaimed the Cardinal, "it is blasphemy against the Holy Trinity—to the Bastile with Him."

But who after all wishes to be a Richelieu, or a vain carping Pharisee trying to impress the world with his superior orthodoxy, or piety under the cover of malice? Who cares to be one, whose wishes are the fathers of his thoughts, and who violates the law of that charity, which "thinketh no evil," and "rejoiceth not in iniquity?" Even the world must sooner or later discern the spirit, which animates such a man. Nothing would delight him more than that his evil surmises should prove true. And the self-inflicted misery of such persons, even the heathen could foretell. The story goes, that, when Zoilus brought a poem to the god of music with false criticisms, Apollo made him winnow a measure of wheat and then gave him the chaff and cockle for his pains, and such seems to be about the only reward some people get for all they do in this life. They see nothing but sores in humanity, nothing but imperfections in the Church, and upon these they are content to feed.

EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS.

There is a great deal of discussion just now in regard to the educational systems that prevail in our own country. Some of these systems, although young, are old enough to bear fruit, and those who helped to plant and nurture the trees, and who gazed with admiration on the spreading branches and bright blossoms, are beginning to cry out against the apples, which, though beautiful to look upon, are filled with ashes and bitter to the taste.

In the first place, it is said, that the public school system, in some of the States, has been pushed beyond proper limits, in attempting to furnish higher classical education at the expense of the tax payers, when this should be done by private means. The mayor of Brooklyn in his annual message, while holding that the State is in duty bound to afford every child, the opportunity of acquiring a plain rudimentary English education, and even, if necessary to compel parents to make use of that opportunity, says that he would not go a step farther. To this the veteran editor of the New York *Observer* sends a hearty Amen from across the ocean. It appears, too, from a correspondent of the *Public Ledger*, that there is quite a breeze over the outlay New York city has been obliged to make to support free colleges of one kind or another.

But it is not the item of expense that is attracting most attention. It is found, that mere educated human nature may be educated vice, and that unsanctified intelligence does not furnish much hope for the nation. It is felt, that what has been the main reliance of many, is, after all, not to be depended upon, and that the general diffusion of knowledge has not insured the best moral results.

An article in the *Polytechnic Review* on "Useful Education," by Mr. R. Bingham, has attracted attention to this point. What he says on the subject has thus been summed up by the *Lutheran and Missionary*. "Mr. Bingham takes the ground, that our educational system does not tend to diminish crime, but rather to increase it. He affirms, that the ratio of crime to population is less in Ireland, where no public school system existed, than in Massachusetts, where the public schools have been the boast of nearly a century. He asserts, that property is more secure in Italy, with its millions of illiterates, than in the Old Bay State, with all its boasted educational apparatus. Of 373 prisoners sent as convicts last year into the Western Penitentiary of our own State, 285 had come through our public schools, and of the 2,383 received into the Eastern Penitentiary, nearly the same proportion had passed through the public schools." The same author remarks upon the general damaging effect on the better and more important elements of life and virtue, which this overdone State education is working. He says:

"All observers will admit, that there is not as much intelligence and skill working on the farms now as there was twenty years ago. The fears of the farmers were not that their sons would *know* too much, but that they would do too little. It was not book-farming, or wisdom with work, they feared; but making hay in the shade, or farming by the fireside; plucking geese in the courts, preaching for practice, pills for pumpkins, the pen and yard-stick for the plow and harvest-fork. The change has not been from prison to school so much as from honest labor to idleness and crime. Everything else being equal, mental culture raises the standard of morality; but we would choose a community of industrious and illiterate members, rather than one of idle and literary habits, for a high standard of morality."

In all this, it will be observed there is no unfriendly onslaught upon Public Schools, but a testimony against all systems everywhere that rely upon the mere development of the mental powers, and the acquisition of information without regard to Christian culture. The reason why these criticisms have been made upon Public Schools is, that in them the reigning theories of education have been forced with hot-house rapidity to logical consequences under State patronage and borne fruit in advance of institutions that had less to support them. In Pennsylvania, we have recognized a disposition to crush out acadamies between the Public Schools and the colleges, and then to take possession of the colleges, by some grant or appropriation which would involve a virtual surrender of their distinctive Christian character.

But colleges divested of this positive Christian character, are no better than Public Schools, notwithstanding their more aristocratic name. The public criticisms upon Harvard University, of late years, illustrate this fact; and the tendency that is now setting in will be apt to remand higher education to institutions where the faculties of the mind are not cultivated to the neglect of the best affections of the heart. People will soon see the necessity of laying the foundation of education in the home-circle, and in the catechetical class. And the work there commenced will be best continued in Church schools, which, despite the evils of denominationalism, are the best that have yet been found.

The common schools have already done and are yet destined to do much good, notwithstanding all that may be said against them. Some of the most faithful and efficient people we have known have been engaged in them, and they have brought a Christian character to bear upon them which has in many instances raised them above other schools, that have prided themselves upon being select. But their influence has been crippeld and counteracted by causes which no one has been able to control. Christian teaching has been restrained by a necessity growing out of the fact, that a State religion is neither attainable nor desirable, and this fact has been forced by some into an argument against prayer to Almighty God, and the reading of the Holy Scriptures. The general problem is not one of easy solution, but it is beginning to be felt, that mere education without Christianity may be a power for evil as well as good. Christless institutions under the name of colleges and seminaries do not relieve the difficulty or abate the danger.

A STRANGE MIX.

When Victor Emmanuel was near his end, Pope Pius IX. sent priests to give him the last sacraments, and said, if reports are true, that he would have gone to the sick-bed of the dying sovereign himself, if he had been able. But on this side of the water, the Romish journals are denouncing the late King as the "Dead Usurper," and saying all kinds of hard things about him. On the other hand, while Mr. Beecher went out of his way in a recent sermon, to send the late Pontiff straight to heaven, every church belonging to the See of Rome is saying masses for the repose of his soul. There is a strange mix in this. Since the decease of Pius IX. we have not seen a bitter word against him in any of the Protestant journals, however much they differed from him, and we think our Romish contemporaries might leave the late King alone, especially, as according to their own theory, he was absolved from all his sins. When once men have passed into the hands of God, it is useless to follow them with execrations.

NO PEACE TO THE WICKED.

"The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." So the prophet Isaiah declares. The truth of this declaration, so far as the present life is concerned, is abundantly proved by he actual experience of the ungodly. The workers of iniquity in this world never have any true, lasting peace. They are ever more or less at variance with God, with their fellowmen and with themselves. Their misdeeds have a continual tendency to fill their hearts with dread of death and of the judgment to come, to bring them into conflict with those around them, and to lower them in their own estimation and subject them to disease, suffering, and death. Thus their life here is necessarily devoid of peace, and full of misery; and this almost invariably in proportion to their ungodliness.

But the question may be asked, How will it be in the world to come,—will there in that world also be no peace to the wicked? The words of the prophet clearly imply, that there will not be, if they continue to be wicked; for his declaration is not limited as to time, but is general in its character. The question of the endless misery of the wicked, as has been well observed, resolves itself into the question of their continued wickedness. If they remain forever sinners, they will necessarily be forever sufferers; for sin and suffering cannot be separated. Even in heaven a selfish and ungodly man could not be happy.

Now if we consult the Scriptures with reference to this subject, they teach clearly enough, that continued and everlasting subjection to sin is possible. Our Lord Himself while on earth plainly declared, that there is at least one sin which if a man commit,—"it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come," and St. John, in his sublime Revelation, tells us, that, after there shall be a new heaven and a new earth, there will still be without the holy city, new Jerusalem, "dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolators, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." Both these statements, it is scarcely necessary to say, are in full harmony with the general tenor of Scripture teaching.

As regards this matter, moreover, what we know of this life also tends to teach the same as the Scriptures. It is an incontestable fact of experience and observation, that the sinful disposition in man becomes stronger the longer it is indulged, and sooner or later it becomes so confirmed, that no matter how clear its ruinous consequences appear, or how great the sufferings it entails may be, its power can no longer be successfully resisted and overcome. This is strikingly manifested, for example, in the case of confirmed inebriates. Such invariably know, that the indulgence of their unhallowed appetite is ruining them, but neither this knowledge, nor even the terrible sufferings of *mania a potu*, can induce them to quit the intoxicating cup. Nor yet can the tenderest and most self-sacrificing love woo such to cast out the demon of strong drink. This is sadly proved by the tearful yet vain entreaties and kindnesses of many a loving mother and of many a devoted and heart-broken wife, and also by the resisted and too often despised goodness and mercy of God offered in Christ our Lord. But if the clearest knowledge of the fatal results of sin and the greatest sufferings in consequence of it, and even the pleadings of infinite love, cannot bring about a change in all sinners here, it is impossible to understand how, by any means consistent with man's freedom, a change can be effected in all in the world to come. The natural inference which the facts considered suggest is, that as men can set at naught knowledge and punishment and resist the love of God in this world, so it is most probable that they will be able to do the same in the world to come, and thus subject themselves to endless misery.

The doctrine of eternal punishment, accordingly, there is every reason to believe, is not the outgrowth of a myth, or the creation of a vengeful fancy, but an awful and a solemn truth, which it is important that all should properly regard while it is still in their power, through the grace of God, to escape the wrath to come. T.

REPORT ON THE STATE OF RELIGION.

Now that the Minutes of the Eastern Synod at Allentown are published and circulated, we may commend the excellent report on the State of Religion, by Rev. R. Leighton Gerhart, especially to those who were not present to hear it at the time it was read. It will well repay careful reading. The emphasis which it lays on the importance of the study of the Bible, as the inspired Word of God, for the promotion of true piety, is worthy of careful regard. Above all theological discussion of mere doctrine, the pure Word of God anthenticates itself to the mind and heart directly with divine power. It stands above all human doctrines and human traditions, whether of Romanism or Protestantism. Our Church especially has had its full share of theological discussion, and while that is important in its place, it should not be forgotten that there is something higher and better for the nouri-hment of faith. We commend this paper to the attention of all our readers, who may have access to it.

Notes and Quotes.

It is said that the enforced Excise Law, caused the universal suspension of the liquor traffic in New York, and Brooklyn on Sunday last.

A contributor to the *Christian at Work*, has a good hit upon the want of proper enunciation on the part of singers. It remarks, "In singing a hymn do not say,

'My soul liz zin hay stu be gawn,
Oh stri koff this saddamant chay—Man make me,' &c.

But say,

My—soul—is—in—haste—to—be—gone,
Oh, strike-off—this—ad— a—mant— chain—
And—make—me;'" &c.

There is a debt of $40,000 on Mr. Talmage's Brooklyn Tabernacle, and a foreclosure suit is threatened. Some of the mortgages have been given to meet deficiencies in annual expenditures. Speaking of this, in connection with the debt paying movement, the *Golden Rule* says, "We should think that it would require more 'cheek,' than faith to take that kind of a burden to the Lord."

The "*Church Journal* and *Messenger*," of the Episcopal Church, has been merged into the "*Churchman*." We regret that the "*Journal*" has given up its separate existence. It helped to keep the "*Churchman*" in order. As however, both of its editors, will be on the staff of the "*Churchman*," the different sides of questions may be represented in the one paper.

The *Independent*, in noticing Dr. Krauth's reply to Dr. Hodge, upon the subject of Infant Salvation, says: "That neither Dr. Hodge nor anybody else has contradicted what Dr. Krauth says." And it adds "They threw up the sponge." Leaving the question under debate out of sight, how will the *Independent's* prize-ring slang, applied to such a man as Dr. Hodge, do as a specimen of taste and refinement, for a paper, which makes notes of its contemporaries unfortunate expressions? People who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

Rev. Alexander Duff, D. D., the eminent missionary of the Free Church of Scotland, died at Sidmouth, England, on the 12th instant. He was the first missionary of the Church of Scotland to India, and during his long residence in Calcutta, he established the Free Church College, an institution at which over one thousand natives have received a liberal education. Since his return to Scotland, he has been Professor of Theology in the Free Church College Edinburgh. He was known throughout the world as one of the most eloquent men of his times. He was seventy-two years of age at the time of his death.

Among the Exchanges.

Speaking of the unnecessary and unauthorized variations which ministers give to the Apostolic Benediction, the *Methodist Recorder* says:

"The Apostolic Benediction, it seems to us, is a very good one. We do not think any of the modern variations (and we have heard a good many of them), an improvement of the original. This may be owing to our poor taste, our "old fogyism," or, perhaps, because we are not as "smart" as some of the moderns. While such excellent forms of sound words in the Bible—that is recognized authority—it is hardly worth while to extemporize or stereotype forms of our own. For the sake of those who never saw the Apostolic Benediction, we give the following from 2 Cor. xiii. 14: 'The Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all Amen."

The Florence *Nazione* gives the following authoritative account of Father Curci's new book:

"Father C. M. Curci has finished his book, which will be published toward the latter end of December. The title of the book is, 'The modern dissensions between the Church and Italy, considered on occasion of a particular fact.' The book is divided into eight chapters as follows: I. Dogmas and the truths connected with them. II. Legitimate Powers and their possible changes. III. Origin and growth of a pretended Catholic, or, at least, ecclesiastical doctrine (the restoration of the Temporal Power as before). IV. Of a possible concord between the Church and Italy, and of political abstentions. V. Catholic journalism, the Syllabus and Catholic Liberals. VI. Disastrous effects which follow and will follow from the wished-for dissension. VII. Of the fact which has given occasion to the present writing. VIII. The ways of Providence, studied in the things hitherto discussed. Conclusion. The volume, in large 8vo, of about 250 pages, will be published by the Brothers Bencini, and will cost 2½ lire. Father Curci has completed it in forty days. A trustworthy person, after having read it, assures us that there are pages of great eloquence in it. Father Curci himself has declared to some of his friends that he has never written with equal liberty."

The *Lutheran and Missionary* thus discourses upon "The Unwise."

There is a vast deal of unwisdom and folly in our world. We need not travel far to verify the truth of this remark. It is a matter of fact, patent to every one's observation. Even among those, who are the most confident of their superior enlightenment, there are plenty of people, who come under the class whom the Scriptures designate by the term "*fools*." Atheists are "fools," for only "the fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Pagans are "fools," for they change the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts and creeping things. Worshipers of Mammon, who make it their life aim to have houses and lands, and stocks, and treasures, so as to be able to say to themselves, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry;" for God says to every such one—"Thou fool!" It is only a miserable selling of the immortal nature of man to carking cares, a slavery of what was meant for glory to the basest of

masters, a spending of precious life for what must utterly fail them The jester at sin, and moral distinctions, and responsibility for unrighteousness, is a "fool;" for only "fools" make a mock of sin. So all who make fashion, fame, pleasure, carnal indulgences, self-place, station, or their consequence in the world, the object of their supreme pursuit and adoration

But there is a particular class of people to be found who are particularly dignified and consequential. They are eminently proper, thoughtful and correct. They are philosophers of the superlative school. They have given due attention to all the problems of life, solved them to their full satisfaction, and are strict to live accordingly Though they do not make much of the Bible, keep at a respectable distance from all sects, churches and religious creeds, and have no use for the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel, they are sure they are among the most correct of men, and pity the poor narrow-mindedness of humanity in general. They have their thoughts of God, their admiration of His works, their own pure methods of worshiping Him, and their own special righteousness which, however, it may seem to others, is their particular pride, and thought unfavorably of only by those who lack the intellectual balance and sanity to comprehend or appreciate it. These are the people whom the Scriptures describe as "wise in their own conceits," who cannot possibly be mistaken about the excellence of their profound solutions of all that relates to human dignity and proper human life. These are they that lean on their own understanding, and trust implicitly to their own hearts and intellects "Reason," as they fondly call it, is their great prophet, and the only true inspired guide. And they are so steadfast and firmly set in their conclusions that, though you should bray them in a mortar, they would hardly let go a fraction of their matured and superior wisdom about all things.

Now, what is to be thought of such people? That they have much about them that is impressive and imposing, there can be no denial. They stand out often with very favorable conspicuity from the rest of their fellowmen. But what saith the Scriptures? How do they stand in the estimate of the Infinite Intelligence? We turn to the Proverbs of Solomon, and there we read—"He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool."—"Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight."—"Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit; there is more hope of a fool than of him." We turn to the New Testament, and there we read—"If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise; for the wisdom of this world is foolish ness with God."—"Be not wise in your own conceits."—"And if any man think that he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing, yet as he ought to know." He is a "fool!"

THOUGHTS FROM LONG EXPERIENCE AND OBSERVATION.

The following thoughts come from an aged member of the Church. They are given, as the result of his long experience and observation, and as such, deserve to be carefully and prayerfully pondered. May they not be without abundant profitable fruit! F.

An Editorial in "THE MESSENGER," of the 6th instant, under the caption: "Too Many Public Services on Sundays," has suggested a train of thought that is worthy of careful consideration, and, it is to be hoped, it will be productive of much good in the end. There are obstacles somewhere in the Church, by which her growth is more or less retarded. These should be hunted up, and the proper remedies applied for their removal. The vast amount of labor performed by the ministry and laity, and the services rendered through Sabbath-school instruction, and the weekly lecture, and various other meetings in the interests of the Church, are not as fruit-bearing in the Gospel garden, as their nature and extent would seem to warrant.

It is right that the Church should be active and zealous in her duties; but that the whole Sabbath day should be taken up with sermons by the pastor, and Sunday-school exercises, to the exclusion of home meditation and family instructions, as contemplated by the Heidelberg Catechism, are matters worthy of the serious consideration of the Church at large. It is not the quantity, but the quality of preaching, that imparts life and energy to a congregation. The success of the Gospel does not lie in long, fine spun rhetorical sermons, reaching far above the thoughts and minds of a majority of hearers; nor is it the oratorial powers of the excited speaker, in his pungent appeals to his audience, that is calculated to create a constant hungering after the bread of eternal life. The calm and plain exposition of Gospel truth, such as was observed by Christ Himself, and exemplified and enforced by His followers, in the early days of the Christian Era, is the leaven by which the whole lump becomes leavened, and the spiritual growth is insured.

That our ministry in general have been pursuing this course in their labors is true. May not then, the multitudinousness of preaching and other efforts, formerly not known in the Church, have made the people in some sense careless to the duties they owe themselves and the Church at large, through which coldness and indifference have crept in, such as to chill her operations and weaken her powers? The truth is never more powerful in effect and happy in results, than when it is told in plain and simple style. Spiritual bread, to be nourishing to the soul, must be served up in plainness, so as to be within the digestive powers of the unlearned, as well as the learned. All may then gather the crumbs as they fall from the minister's lips, and be strengthened in their pilgrimage to the land of eternal bliss.

In support of what is said here, the writer refers to the ministry of the sainted Henry L. Rice of the Chambersburg Reformed congregation many years ago. The spiritual awakening this good man's preaching produced in the congregation then, is still glowing in the hearts of its surviving membership. Several of the pastors, who afterwards filled this pulpit, among whom may be named Dr. Bausman, Dr. Davis, and the present incumbent Rev. W. C. Cremer, will bear me out in these remarks.

The too frequent preaching on the Sabbath day, is also rapidily wearing out the faithful minister. He is burdened with hard study, and overtaxed with physical labor in attending to the mulitfarious wants of large charges, scattered over a large territory and requiring many miles of hard riding, in sunshine and storm, to reach the members. The number of retired ministers, engaged in secular business, because of some constitutional ailment brought about by such hardships as those named, is proof of the truth of what has just been asserted. Another cause of the retirement of others, is the want of sufficient support, such as is required to meet the necessary expenses of living. The sacrifices in any of our young men make in the service of the ministry, and for the spiritual good of mankind, if written out and published, would serve to create a sensation in the Christian heart, strong enough to rub off the rust from the keys held by some, who have locked up and stowed away that support of the Gospel, which must be given to it, before it can be preached to all men.

The Church, in many instances, is made to suffer also, from a want of co operation, on the part of parents, who fail to have their children brought under the power and influence of the teachings of the particular Church, to which they belong. This is an evil that needs correction. The primary object of Sunday-schools is conceded to be the training of children, with view to church membership. A Sunday-school, to be effective, should have under its control the children of parents attached to the Church, under whose particular care the school is held, and also of parents known as outsiders. A school, under such regulations, can impress the doctrinal views of the Church upon the minds of the young. and in this way become a feeder to the congregation, in full harmony with all her peculiar teachings. The clashing of doctrinal views in Sunday-school confuses the mind and gives rise to doubts. A child, to be spiritually benefitted, and the Church profited, should, therefore, attend only one Sunday-school.

The Church also suffers from another cause. Why is it that we now see so few children accompanying their parents to the house of God to hear the Gospel preached? It was not so half a century ago. Then a good portion of the church building was taken up with children—boys and girls, under the immediate care of parents or of some one else. The little annoyance sometimes occasioned by an unruly youngster, was patiently borne with by pastor and people. But now the improved state of things, has made it fashionable to allow these dear little ones and some of a riper age too, to remain at home, leaving the impression on the youthful mind, that the preached word is of no value to any one, except to inquiring adults and staid men and women, as if children had no souls until they arrived at the age of maturity. In such a state of things, is it any wonder, that infant baptism is so largely neglected in some quarters? In the good old times of the Church, a marked reverence was evinced by the young, for the Church and the pastor, such as evidenced a deep seated devotion to the house of God, and strong attachment to its services, such as does not now exist. No wonder that so many of the same household of faith have of late years, wandered away into other spiritual homes. CHAMBERSBURG.

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

Some months ago, the Rev. D. W. Gerhard, of New Holland, Pa., celebrated the tenth anniversary of his pastorate in his present charge. He preached a sermon on the occasion to his congregations. It contains a large amount of carefully prepared statistics, which cannot fail to prove interesting to others living out of the bounds of his charge, and may also be profitable to some in the way of suggesting plans for doing good. They evidence a commendable degree of pastoral activity, and show what can be accomplished, with the Divine blessing, through persevering, self-denying labor in the vineyard of the Lord. The following extracts from the sermon have been kindly furnished us for publication. F.

1. *Additions to the Church.*—In his fifth annual report to Lancaster Classis, May, 1872, the present pastor used the following language: "In order to test the strength of my charge, I compared the communicant lists of the five years of my labors with the five years immediately preceding and find the following results: At New Holland the average of communicants during the present pastorate has been 78; for the five years immediately preceding, 44; at Heller's church the average has increased from 43 to 79, and at Zeltenreich's, from 36 to 47."

Five years more are now ended, and during this time, the average communicant list at Heller's church has increased from 79 to 95; at Zeltenreich's, from 47 to 71, while at New Holland, the average has been a little more than 77. During the first five years, the pastor baptized 193 persons and confirmed 132; since then he has baptized 182, and confirmed 152; making in all 375 baptisms and 284 confirmations. Thirty have been received on certificate, some have been added on renewed profession of faith, and others whose names appeared simply as nominal members, have again renewed their confirmation vows, and are now regarded as among the regular communicants. But we have also met with losses. Twenty-three have been dismissed to other congregations, and 87—including baptized children—have died. Yet with all our losses, the charge has been numerically strengthened, and, we trust, spiritually improved.

That a great many of the additions made to the membership of our pastoral field come from the outside, or unconverted world, is evident from the fact, that of the 284 persons who have been confirmed, 105 were heads of families and 164 received adult baptism. In not a few instances the parents were received into the church by baptism and confirmation, and afterwards the children, in whole or in part, were baptized. The prevailing sentiment among the unchurchly sects around us is very much opposed to infant baptism and educational religion, and the consequence is, that their children grow up outside of the church. Our young people mingling more or less with this element in the social circle, are necessarily also, at least to some extent, under its influence. But a perceptible change for the better is apparent. In many of our families the children are now all baptized, and those who have attained to the proper age have been instructed in the Catechism, and received, by confirmation, into full communion with the Church. We are making progress in understanding, and in illustrating in our experience, what the Apostle mean, when he said, "The promise is unto yon and to your children."—Acts ii. 39.

2. *Benevolent Contributions.*—The Classis annually makes an apportionment among the pastoral charges within her bounds, of the amount needed to carry on the benevolent operations of the Church under her control. The New Holland charge has acted upon the principle, that it is our first duty to collect the amounts thus required, but also, at the same time, that this does not exhaust our willingness and ability to contribute to the cause of Christ. In meeting the apportionments of Classis since June, 1867, and res, ording as far as possible to the appeals made by the Church for benevolence, the New Holland charge has collected and paid to the proper authorities the following sums: for Home Missions and Church Extension, $831.96; Foreign Missions, $27.95; Beneficiary Education, $293.16; Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf, Pa, $323.86; Society for the Relief of Aged Ministers and their Widows, $23.70; Theological Seminary at Lancaster, $73.39; Franklin and Marshall College, $804.82; Relief of the Reformed congregation in Chicago after the great fire of 1871, $17.40; Relief of the Publication Board in Philadelphia, $46.25; Orphans' Home at Gettysburg, $4.29; Sunday-school cause of Lancaster county, $8 04—making a total of $2,454.82.

The sum here indicated for Home Missions includes contributions for missions on the Pacific Coast, Second church, Canton, Ohio, Marysville, St. John's church, Lancaster, and Willow Street, Lancaster county, Pa. We have also collected $123.50 for the Contingent Fund, that is, for printing Minutes of Synod and to defray other necessary expenses of Synod and Classis. Besides these sums, which have been applied to the cause of Christ in the Church at large, a considerable amount has been collected to make improvements and carry on the work in our own pastoral charge.

"But," some one will say, "why do we send so much money away for benevolent purposes, when we constantly need so much at home?" I reply, "What does the Word of God say on the subject?" In 1 Cor. xvi. 1, 2, St. Paul teaches, that *every one* was to lay by regularly *every Lord's Day* as *much as possible* for the Lord's poor. That God's people had a treasury in the Holy Temple, and what our blessed Saviour thought of the gifts put therein, is graphically described in the gospel according to St. Mark xii. 41–44. The Saviour was particularly pleased with the gift of the poor widow; for He calls to it the special attention of the disciples, and spoke approvingly of it. It ought to be a matter of interest to us, as well as of considerable concern, to know that the blessed Master can look approvingly upon our gifts in the treasury. "Many that were rich cast in much;" let those who are rich in worldly goods not forget this. Let *all* remember, that self-sacrifice in behalf of the Lord's cause is here highly commended by our blessed Saviour. "God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten Son." What a sacrifice to secure our salvation! And are we not willing to deny ourselves and make some sacrifice for the Lord's cause? The Lord Jesus says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and He knows the import of that saying: "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye, through His poverry, might be made rich." Cor. viii. 9.

If we study the Scriptures in the direction here indicated, we will not say, that we have given too much help to the cause of Christ. We will lament that our contributions were not larger. It is true, indeed, that not a few of our members strive in this respect, as well as in other things, to receive and practice the teachings of the Bible. But this makes the facts all so much the plainer, that some fall far short of their duties. Confidently persuaded, that no money is so well spent as that which is judiciously applied to the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, we seek to make the *gospel standard* of giving our constant aim

3. *Interest in the Church at Large.*—When the "Dollar Plan" for the endowment of Franklin and Marshall College was recommended by Synod, the New Holland and Heller's congregations were canvassed by the pastor, and the sum of $204.88 were secured for the object. Zeltenreich congregation was at the time engaged in collecting money for the improvement of their church building, and hence nothing was done here for the College. About this time Dr. W L. Diffenderfer, of New Holland, gave $500 to the same cause. These amounts, together with the $100 afterwards given by the pastor towards the endowment of the Alumni Professorship, made up the sum previously spoken of as having been given to the College.

When the Theological Seminary, in 1875, rejoiced in the fiftieth anniversary of its history, the attention of the congregations was directed to this fact, and they made a thank-offering to assist in the permanent endowment of this important institution of the Church. During our jubilee year, when the people of our land rejoiced in the one hundredth anniversary of the nation's birthday, our congregations again remembered this institution by making a centennial thanksgiving for the same purpose. In this way the literary institutions of our Church have been brought to the notice of our people, and have secured their support. We have also lately had representatives of the charge in the Female Seminary at Mercersburg, Female College at Allentown, Franklin and Marshall College and the Academy connected with the College. We hope to do better in this respect in the future than we have in the past.

A deep interest has been taken by the Sunday-school at New Holland in the Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf, and as the Sunday-school includes largely the working portion of our membership, the congregation itself shares this interest to a great degree. The country congregations have also made a beginning to contribute to this cause. It has also been our custom to patronize our own Publication Board in Philadelphia. In this way, we give our patronage where it belongs, the people become acquainted with their own Church publications, and are extending their sphere of usefulness throughout the church beyond the narrow limits of their own congregations.

4. *Pastoral Labors.*—Since the beginning of his labors in the New Holland charge, the pastor has preached 1239 times, besides 224 funeral sermons, making in all 1463 services. The preaching of sermons, however, and conducting of the public services in the sanctuary, does not exhaust a pastor's labors. Very much besides remains to be done in the family circle, catechetical class, Sunday-school, weekly Bible class, sick chamber, and elsewhere. An unpleasant feature in the pastoral life is, that so much time is spent on the road in traveling from place to place. The field embraced in our charge extends over a section of country not less than ten to fifteen miles from East to West, and eight to twelve miles from North to South. Many members live at a distance of from five to eight or nine miles, and others still further, from the parsonage. Though a great deal of time is thus spent out of the study, it is very far from being wholly lost. In our social intercourse with the people, we learn to know their wants, and many thoughts are suggested which find their way into our sermons. Oftentimes, too, we mingle our hearts and voices in singing and prayer. For, whenever we visit the sick, and whenever else a fitting occasion is presented, we seek to improve it by at least a short religious service.

In the month of January, 1875, I traveled 278 miles, preached twenty times, including five funerals; had worship in private families thirty-five times; this includes four adult baptisms in sickness and one infant baptism; visited and addressed five public schools. April, 1877, traveled 226 miles, preached fifteen times, including two funerals, gave communion to three sick persons, paid over seventy-five pastoral visits, including thirty-five calls to the sick, besides attending to many other duties. This will suffice as a fair index of what is often done in a given length of time.

DEDICATION OF AN ORGAN.

The Plum Creek charge is located in the eastern part of Armstrong county, Pa. It is composed of three congregations; two of which were organized by Rev. F. Wise, dec'd, and one by the present pastor, Rev. M. H. Diffenderfer. The charge under the efficient services of its under shepherd, wishes to keep up with the progress of the times Consequently the congregation at the St. Thomas Church, lately purchased a new organ, of a good make, and well suited to the church. The dedication of the organ took place on Saturday evening, February the 2d. The brethren present were Revs. John McConnell, James Grant, A. K. Kline, D. S. Dieffenbacher, M. H. Dieffenderfer. The sermon was preached by Rev. D. S. Dieffenbacher, and the dedicatory service was attended to by Rev. John McConnell, and the pastor. A large audience was present, and a deep interest manifested by the congregation. May their excellent organ peal forth in sweetest melody, uniting the voices of the congregation in harmonious praise, for many years to come!

Service preparatory to the holy communion was held on Saturday afternoon. Nine little children, mostly infants, were engrafted into the church by the sacrament of baptism. The sermon was preached by Rev. John McConnell. The holy communion of the Lord's Supper was celebrated on Sunday morning, on which occasion Rev. James Grant preached to a large congregation. This was indeed a solemn, yet joyful season, and the people seemed to enter into the service with much unction and fervor of spirit. Gladly did they gather around the altar, and by the power of the Holy Ghost, again partook of the blessed life of Jesus Christ. The whole series closed with divine service on Sunday evening.

This charge is in a prosperous condition, and gives signs of internal growth in Christian life, as well as in numerical strength. The people work in harmony with their pastor, and appreciate his self-denying labors. Therefore, we feel sure, that his small salary will be increased at an early day. This young brother has accomplished a good work in this charge during his short pastorate of about a year. May the great Head of the Church continue to bless his labors in the future, so that many more wanderers may find their spiritua home, and the faithful be built up in their most holy faith! D.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

The licentiate George E. Smith, as announced some time ago, accepted a call from the Moore Township charge, Northampton county, Pa., rendered vacant by the death of the Rev. D. B. Ernst. He was ordained to the work of the ministry and installed pastor over this charge, on the 20th of December last, by a committee of the East Susquehanna Classis. The services were held in the Big Moore Township church, and were conducted by Rev. L. K. Derr, of Slatington, and Rev. M. A Smith of Nazareth, the third member of the committee being unable to attend on account of ill health. The sermon was preached by the former, and the ordination services were conducted by the latter, the former attending to the installation service. The people are united in the support of their present pastor, and the prospects of the charge are encouraging.

The St. Peter's Reformed church at Rebersburg, Centre county, Pa., Rev. Wm. M. Landis, pastor, has been for some time past engaged in erecting a new church for the use of the congregation. It has been completed and was solemnly dedicated to the worship of God on the 13th of January last. The services connected with the dedication were commenced on the previous Sunday evening, and continued every morning and evening during the week. They were largely attended and deeply impressive and highly appreciated by the people. The pastor was assisted in them by the Revs. J. G. Shoemaker, W. H. Groh, George P. Hartzel, H King, Dr. E. V. Gerhart and D. M. Wolff.

On the day of dedication, the church was too small to accommodate the concourse of people, who had gathered together. The Lutheran congregation kindly offered the use of their new church. Services were accordingly held at the same time in both churches. In the Reformed church, the dedicatory sermon was preached in the German language by the Rev. Dr. Gerhart, who was followed by the Rev. J. G. Shoemaker, with a discourse in the English language. Rev. H. King preached in the Lutheran church, and was assisted in the services by the Rev. D. M. Wolff. As the amount needed to cover the remaining indebtedness of the church had not been fully raised in connection with the morning services, the act of dedication was deferred until the evening. Rev. Dr. Gerhart preached the sermon, at the close of which, the amount of money required to liquidate the indebtedness being nearly all secured, the church was solemnly set apart to the worship of God by the pastor, in the use of the liturgical services provided for such an occasion. With this ceremony, the long looked for week of services closed; and such an impression has been made by them, that they will be long remembered by all who were present.

The church is a neat brick building, thirty-five by fifty-five feet, with a chaste tower in front, surmounted by a lofty spire. It has also a pulpit recess in the rear. The windows are gothic in form and filled out with stained glass. The basement contains rooms for lectures and also for Sunday-school purposes. The walls of the audience room are frescoed, the pews neatly formed, the aisles carpeted, and the pulpit and altar space arranged in full harmony with their surroundings. A large chandelier is also suspended from the ceiling in the centre of the room. The church is regarded as one of the neatest in the section of country in which it is located. It is an ornament to the village, and highly creditable to those who designed it, and especially to the congregation, through whose agency it has been erected. The entire cost of the building was provided for by the congregation itself, with the exception of $150 received from neighboring brethren.

A fine bell of over six hundred pounds in weight, from Vandusen & Tuft's manufactory, which hangs in the tower, was presented by Col. Henry Royer and Joel Royer. A neat communion set, and baptismal bowl were presented by Mrs. Dr. D. Hillibisch; a Bible by Mrs. Amelia Landis, and the carpet and matting by Mr. W. F. Baily, a member of the Baptist church. A number of the ladies of the congregation organized themselves into a society called "The Helpers," and by means of small weekly contributions raised $82, with which they purchased the chandelier and the other apparatus used for lighting the church. Thus the great and noble work was accomplished.

It is worthy of remark, that the old church, in which the congregation worshiped about fifty three years, was occupied by it in common with the Lutheran congregation. It was an excellent brick building of the kind for its time. It became, however, old and uncomfortable. For a long time the question had been agitated, whether the old church should be remodeled, or torn down, and a new one built, conjointly by the two congregations; or whether the property should be divided, and each congregation build a church for itself. For a time, the Reformed thought they were too poor, having a communicant membership of only about seventy, to build a church for themselves. At length, after much mutual consultation and fervent prayer, they came to the conclusion, that it would be best for each congregation to build a church for its own use. The Reformed accordingly sold their interest in the old church to the Lutherans, and they divided the other property between them. Though few in number, they went to work with a will. Those who could not give much money, contributed their labor, which was by no means inconsiderable. Due preparations were made a year ago. The actual work was commenced in May last, and the church was finished by the holidays This is the second exclusively Reformed church built in the same valley, and it is expected that a third one will be soon erected.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC,

The following letter from Dr. Higbee, declining the pastorate of the First Reformed church in Lancaster, has been made public:

MERCERSBURG, PA., Jan. 25, 1878.—*To the Reverend Consistory of the First Reformed Church in Lancaster:—Dear Brethren in the Lord:*—Your call has been received, and I thank you, and the congregation over which you preside, for such flattering testimonial of confidence and esteem. I cannot, however, think of accepting the pastorate to which you call me; for my duties to Mercersburg College render such a course entirely impossible. The work here I deem exceedingly important, and thus far greatly blessed of God; and, notwithstanding my own many shortcomings, I have every reason to believe, that I am, while laboring here, engaged in that work to which the Lord has called me.

Although at times discouraged by the seeming want of support from the Classes and Synod, in which Mercersburg College is located, I yet cannot think for a moment, that the ministry and membership of the Church will allow so important an interest and work to fail, and pass out of their hands through their own neglect; and therefore I cannot, by leaving my post here, trouble my own conscienc with a sense of that neglect, which I hope, and pray, and believe, will not characterize the action of the Classes, or Synod, or friends of the institution.

Under these circumstances, thus briefly stated, I must refuse your call, while sensible of your earnest motives in pressing it upon me. Praying that you may soon secure a suitable pastor for your important charge, and that God may continue to bless your work, and also guide and guard me and the College in which I gladly labor.

I Remain Yours, Sincerely,
E E. HIGBEE.

WESTERN CHURCH.

At a recent communion held in the church at Goshen, Indiana, of which the Rev. W. H. Ziegler is pastor, four persons were added to the church.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was recently administered in the Mount Zion church, of the Basil, Ohio, charge, of which the Rev. G. H. Leonard is pastor. Seven persons were added to the church.

Five persons were recently added to the church at Anna, Illinois, of which the Rev. S. P. Meyers is pastor.

In connection with the late communion held in the Lancaster, Ohio, charge, of which the Rev. H. T. Spangler is pastor, nine persons were added to the church; five to the church at Cedar Grove and four to the church at Lancaster.

The Johnsville congregation connected with the West Alexandria, Ohio, charge, of which the Rev. H. M. Herman is pastor, received an accession of twelve members in connection with a communion held on the 27th of January. The whole number added to the several churches in the charge during the Christmas season was twenty-three, nearly all of whom are heads of families. F.

Married.

On Thursday evening February 7th, 1878, at the residence of Conrad Plasterer, the bride's father, by Rev. D. W. Ebbert, Mr. David A. Kann to Miss Laura M. Plasterer, both of Franklin Co., Pa.

On February 6th, 1878, by the Rev. J. K. Millett, Mr. Samuel G. Frymire to Miss Maggie Eshbach, both of McEwensville Pa.

In the Reformed church Lisbon, Iowa, on February 6th, 1878, by Rev. D. S. Fouse, Mr. W. Ward Moore, formerly of McConnellstown, Huntingdon county, Pa., now of Lisbon, Iowa, to Miss Ada Douglass, of McConnellstown, Huntingdon Co., Pa.

On the evening of the 14th inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Chas. G. Fisher, Mr. Harrison Getzendanner, of Monroe Co., Missouri, to Miss Fannie E., daughter of George and Elizabeth Myers, near Middleway, Jefferson Co., W. Va.

Youth's Department.

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Come, children, leave your playing,
And gather round my knee,
And I'll tell you a little story:
Away across the sea,
In a meadow where the mosses
And the grass were frozen brown,
Three little maids sat milking
One day as the sun went down—
Not cows, but goats of the mountain;
And before their pales were full,
The winds, they pierced like needles
Through their gowns of heavy wool.
And as one hand, then the other,
They tried to warm in their laps,
The bitter weather froze their breath
Like fur about their caps.
And so, as they sat at their milking,
They grew as still as mice,
Save when the stiff shoes on their feet
Rattled like shoes of ice.

At last out spoke the youngest
As she blew on her finger-nails:
I have planned a plan, sweet sisters:
Let us take our milking-pails,
And go to the side of the mountain,
As fast as we can go,
And heap them up to the very top
From the whitest drifts of snow;
And let us build in the meadow
Where we will milk our goats at night
A house to keep us from the cold,
With walls all silver white.

We will set the door away from the wind,
The floor we will heap with moss,
And gather little strips of ice
And shingle the roof across.

Then all the foolish maidens,
They emptied their pails on the ground,
And bounded up the mountain-side
As fast as they could bound,
And came again to the meadow
With pails heaped high with snow,
And so, through half the night, the moon
Beheld them come and go.

But when with the daybreak roses
The silver walls shone red,
The three little foolish maidens
Were lying cold and dead.
The needles of the frost had sewed
Into shrouds their woolen coats,
And with cheeks as white as the ice they lay
Among their mountain goats.

A PRINCE AT SCHOOL.

BY L. G. A.

Two thousand years ago, when Solon, the wise, was living in Greece, Crœsus, the richest king, reigned in Asia Minor, and Daniel had not been persecuted in Babylon, Cyrus, the son yet of King Cambyses, was a school-boy in Persia.

None could attend school at that time except *boys* of the royal family and those of the nobles and officers composing the King's court. The school-rooms were many, including the King's palaces and grounds. Any part of each palace was at their command, but the open courts and parks were usually chosen, as they most likely would be by the boys of to-days. Whenever it was thought necessary to their good education or happiness, off they were sent to some distant place for change of scene and employment.

As masters, the King chose from his whole kingdom those nobles or soldiers, whom he considered most trustworthy and best fitted to teach the different branches of education required.

Not a book was to be found in the schools; indeed, there was not a printed book or bit of paper in the whole world. Over in Greece were a few books written with a steel point upon parchment, and were considered wonders of art by every one, and much too precious to be used in schools, even by royal princes. Indeed, no one had then dreamed that mental training was of importance compared with the cultivation of the physical powers.

Their lessons were the amusements of to-day, wrestling, running, shooting with bow and arrow, gaming and hunting. At first, their forests were the King's wooded parks, their game, wild beasts brought from the neighboring forests for their use. At one time they were taught to wrestle and jump and run, at another would practice their new accomplishment by competing with the wild goat and sheep in the woods. At one time they were taught the use of the bow and javelin, and then with their masters hunted the wild beasts of the adjoining forests and mountains. On these excursions, they were armed with a shield upon their left arm, a bow, quiver of arrows, short sword or dagger and two javelins.

All this to them was hard labor. They were obliged to take long and tiresome journeys, to endure hunger, cold and storms, and were sometimes surrounded or attacked by the beasts they hunted. The aim of all this rough training was to make of them men fitted to become hardy and courageous soldiers, for nations were then constantly at war, and these sons of nobles must be ready to drill the common soldiery in all the arts of war.

Cyrus, while at home in Persia, did not graduate from the Park and enter the mountains, but was sent to his grandfather Astyages, King of Media, to finish his education. There he was received with joy, and by his good conduct became noted for his generosity and fearlessness of character. He evinced both physical and moral courage, which two traits united will make of any person a hero.

The greatest enjoyments he and his boy associates had was that learned at home, hunting in the forests of the park whose bounds they were not allowed to pass. Soon game became scarce, and Cyrus saw that his grandfather, the King, was somewhat troubled in supplying them. So one day he went to him and begged that the young hunters be allowed to go with the men to the mountains and hunt the beasts there.

"There are animals enough there, grandfather," said Cyrus, "and I shall consider them all just the same as if you had procured them expressly for me."

After some persuasion, the King consented for him to accompany his uncle Cyaxares in his next hunting expedition.

The next morning he with his companions, well armed and mounted on fine horses, set out in high spirits with the company of huntsmen, On the way to the forests, the men instructed the youth to evade the more dangerous beasts, as bears, stags and boars, and confine their attacks to the harmless goats and sheep, also to avoid dangerous grounds.

Soon, the company Cyrus attended started in pursuit of a stag, but it immediately entered a marsh and they were obliged to give up the chase. Cyrus, however, not heeding their stop, rode furiously after the game and was not arrested even by a deep ravine that lay in his way. He spurred his horse which, at a master leap, crossed the chasm, and threw his rider over his head. The attendants waited breathlessly to see him trampled beneath the impatient hoofs. But the brave boy soon righted himself and, overtaking the stag, killed him with his one remaining javelin. The victor awaited with glowing cheeks the approving shout of his followers, but beheld frightened and reproving glances instead.

They said, "We must report to the King your disregard of his instructions."

Cyrus looked down in confusion and repentance. But before the reproach was ended, a shout came from the other party which had aroused a wild boar, and Cyrus, carried away by his enthusiasm, turned his horse and joined the pursuit. Before he reached his friends, the hunted and furious game came from the forest directly ahead of him. He sprang from his horse and pierced the beast with the same javelin with which he had just before killed the stag. His excitement knew no bounds, and his victorious shouts called answering ones from all his comrades. But his Uncle Cyaxares coming up, said to him, "You have rashly encountered new risks"—

"Only give to me the two animals I have killed to take to my grandfather," cried Cyrus.

"Certainly not, you must conceal this day's doings from him, or receive severe puishment."

"Let him punish me," said Cyrus, "if he wish, after I have shown him the stag and the boar, and you may punish me, too, if you think best, but do let me show them to him."

His uncle consented, and the boy took the animals as presents to the King, who, considering his enthusiasm and excitement excuses for one such successful and confessed disobedience, only said, "I thank you for the presents, but do not wish my dear grandson to expose his life in order to secure them."

This same moral and physical courage evinced by the boy, characterized the man's life. Cyrus the Great became the conqueror of the world, and in many instances displayed a justice and generosity seldom met with in that age. Among other noble deeds he freed the enslaved Jews at Babylon and sent them to their own country supplied with means to rebuild their destroyed city.—*Morning Star.*

WHY THEY WENT TO WAR.

A certain king sent to another king, saying:

"Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—"

The other replied:

"I have not got one; and if I had—"

On this weighty cause they went to war. After they had exhausted their armies and treasure, and had laid waste their kingdoms, they began to wish to make peace, but before this could be done, it was necessary that the insulting language which had led to the trouble should be explained.

"What could you mean?" asked the second king of the first, "by saying, 'Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—?'"

"Why," said the other, "I meant a blue pig with a black tail, or else some other color. But what could you mean by saying, 'I have not got one, and if I had—?'"

"Why, of course, if I had, I should have sent it."

The explanation was satisfactory, and peace was made at once.

The story of the two kings ought to serve as a lesson for us all. Most quarrels are quite as foolish as the war of the blue pig with a black tail.

GOOD MANNERS AT HOME.

1. Shut every door after you without slamming it.

2. Never stamp, jump or run in the house.

3. Never call to persons up-stairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly where they are.

4. Always speak kindly and politely to the servants, if you would have them do the same to you.

5. When told to do, or not to do, a thing by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.

6. Tell of your own faults, not of those of your brothers and sisters.

7. Carefully clean the mud or snow from your boots or shoes before entering the house.

8. Be prompt at every meal.

9. Never sit down at the table or in the parlor with dirty hands or tumbled hair.

10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently for your turn to speak.

11. Never reserve your good manners for strangers, but be eqally polite at home and abroad.

12 Let your first, last and best confidant be your mother.

CAST A LINE FOR YOURSELF.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last approaching a basket filled with wholesome-looking fish, he sighed.

"If now I had these I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price, and buy me food and lodging."

"I will give you just as many, and just as good fish," said the owner, who had chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other.

"Only to tend this line till I come back, I wish to go a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long, that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in; and when the owner of the line returned, he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said:

"I fulfill my promise from the fish you have caught, to teach you whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but cast a line for yourself."

HOW THEY MAKE BUTTER IN BRAZIL.

The *American Dairyman* states that there are four modes of making butter in the Empire of Brazil. The first is by putting the milk in a common bowl, and beating it with a spoon, as you would an egg. The second, by pouring the milk into a bottle, and shaking it till the butter appears, when it is removed by breaking off the top of the bottles, as bottles are valueless in that part of South America on account of the vast number imported with foreign fruits and liquids. The third, where the dairy is more extensive, is performed by filling a hide with the milk, which is lustily shaken by an athletic native at each end until butter is produced. The fourth, indicating vast progress over and beyond any of the preceding methods, consists in dragging the hide or leathern vessel, filled with milk, on the ground after a galloping horse, until it is supposed the butter is formed. The milk is never strained and the butter never washed.

PERSEVERE.

The fisher who draws his net too soon
Won't have any fish to sell;
The child who shuts up its book too soon
Won't learn any lesson well.

For if you would have your learning stay,
Be patient, don't learn too fast;
The man who travels a mile a day
Will get round the world at last.

—*From the German.*

CHILDREN'S AFTER-SUPPER SCIENCE.

BY W. H. WARREN.

We live at the bottom of an ocean forty-five miles deep. We are not drowned therein, but fed like the fishes. We are not crushed, although thousands of pounds are heaped upon us. The water-ocean has storms only at the surface, the depths being in perfect calm. The air ocean has tides, gulf streams and tempests from top to bottom.

Bring that nuisance of a popgun, that has only served to startle people, and we will put it to some use by showing the nature of our ocean. Observe that the pop comes and the cork is driven out before the piston gets clear down. What drives out the cork? Why, the air. Then the air is a substance. Put it in a rubber cushion, and you may sit on air. Blow it into a football, and you may kick it over your opponents' heads. Notice that in driving in the piston the cork does not come out at once, as it would if there was a stiff stick or water between the cork and piston. So the air is springy or elastic. How unfortunate it would be for the toes if they hit the football and found it filled with solid air! or for houses when the wind goes fifty miles an hour, as it does now while I write. It would be worse than a dozen railroad trains striking a house at once.

Put the cork in when the piston is down; then try to draw it out. How hard it pulls! and when you let go, how quick it flies back! Why is that? Simply because the weight of the air is on the top side of the piston and none on the bottom. Take out the cork and let the weight be on both sides and it pulls easily enough. Fill a goblet full of water, turn a saucer over the top, hold it there and reverse both quickly. You see the goblet remains full of water. Why does it not run out? Because the weight of the air presses on the water in the saucer and drives it up into the empty glass. If you tip the goblet a little and let some air in there will be no empty place to press the water into and it runs out. Fill a bottle with water, hold a bit of paper over the mouth. Reverse it. Remove the hand. The water is held in the bottle by the air pushing from below. You may succeed with a goblet. If the bottle is small no paper will be needed.

Fill a plate with water, set a lighted candle in it. Invert over this a large glass fruit jar. The candle consumes part of the air, making a partially empty place, and the outside air crowds the water from the plate up several inches into the jar. Take a straw or any tube, put the end in water, and suck out the air. The outside air drives the water up to take the empty place. Suck out the water and more is driven up. This is the pump. The air ocean lifts the water to your lip.

When a cork is put under water it rises because the heavier water gets under it and crowds it up. It has no tendency to rise itself, as you see if you drop it in air. So anything lighter than air is driven up when let loose in the air ocean. Warm air is lighter than cold. Hold a candle in a warm room at the top of a door slightly open. The flame streams out with the warm air; hold at the bottom. It streams in with the cold air. Blow your warm breath into a warm soap bubble and it rises, taking its watery covering with it. Put a whole house full of hydrogen, that is only one-sixteenth as heavy as air, into a silk bag and it is crowded up aloft, carrying men with it, over land and sea.

We see that air is heavy by the way it pushes us down the street on a windy day, and drives ships over the ocean. A block of air ten inches on a side weighs as much as 85 cents in silver. Take a tube 3 inches square. Have a piston that slides air tight therein. Take the air from under the piston, and the outside air bears on it as heavy as if a man weighing 135 lbs. stood on it.

Breathe on a cold window. It is covered with water. The goblet of ice-water in summer is covered with water it has taken from the air.

How much water there must be in so many miles of air. Forty-five inches of water falls as rain in Philadelphia every year. Three millions of tons to the square mile. In some places six and a half times as much has been known to fall. Water is 815 times as heavy as air, yet the nimble air currents bring all the rain from the sea and pour it on the land. All the Amazons are kept full, and all the Niagaras kept thundering because the air carries equally large rivers the other way. "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full. Unto the place whence the rivers come, thither return they again."—*Christian Union.*

Pleasantries.

The song of the mortgaged church, according to the *Graphic*, is "Sound to the loud Kimball."

Said an Irishman in the course of an eloquent speech, "Mr. Chairman, the gals is the boys to do it."

People learn wisdom by experience. A man never wakes up his second baby to see it laugh.

A Dutch Reason.—"Mynheer, do you know what for we call our boy Hans?" "I do not, really." "Well, I will tell you. Der reason we call our boy Hans—it is ish name."

A train of cars on a Florida railroad passed a man on horseback, and there was a great hurrahing among the passengers, until they discovered that the mule was tied to the fence.

A Pennsylvania lad gained a holiday for the whole school by dropping his rubbers down the heater, and ever since he has been enraged at himself for not economizing and dropping them one at a time.

This Chinese missionary who is trying to convert America to Buddhism, has got to give bonds that his religion will not interfere with a man who wants to run a grocery bill of $800 per annum on a salary of $500, or he will not get many converts in Central New York.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The sympathetic man of the Burlington *Hawkeye* says: "One of the most pttiful spectacles in this cruel winter weather is the sight of a shivering wasp, who fooled around in the autumn sunshine until his house was closed for the season, and he locked out without a night key in his pocket."

The color of a girl's hair is regulated by the size of her father's pocket-book. If the latter be plethoric, the girl's tresses are golden or auburn. If the old man's wallet is lean, we hear the daughter spoken of as only "that red-headed gall." You never saw a rich girl with red hair.—*St. Louis Journal.*

BENEFIT OF TRIALS.

If the Lord is pleased to sanctify the infirmities to which our present mortal frame is subject, we shall have cause to praise Him at last, no less for the bitter than the sweet. I am convinced in my judgment, that a cross or a pinch, somehow, or other, is so necessary to us, that we can not go on well for a considerable time without one. We are surrounded with snares, and if not quickened by trials, are very prone to sink into formality or carelessness. It is a shame it should be so, but so it is, that a long course of prosperity always makes us drowsy. Trials, therefore, are medicines, which our gracious and wise Physician prescribes because we need them; and He proportions the frequency and weight of them to what the case requires. Many of His people are sharply exercised by poverty, which is a continual trial every day and all the year round. They who have comfortable firesides, and a competence for this world often suffer by sickness. But any and all of these crosses are mercies, if the Lord works by them to prevent us from cleaving to the world, from backsliding in heart, or life, and to keep us nearer to Himself. Let us trust our Physician and He will surely do us good. And let us thank Him for all His persecutions, for without them our soul's sickness would quickly grow upon us.

THIS ONE THING I DO.

Be the past what it may, be the future what it may, I know that I cannot reach the one, or forget the other, except by setting myself, with all my might and main, to present duties, and by reducing all duties to various forms of one great life-purpose. Concentration of all our strength on a single aim, and that aim pursued through all our days, with their varying occupations—what a grand ideal of life that is! Such concentration has for its complement a wise diffusion, which two are practically hard to reconcile, and yet, if separated, tend to evil—the one to rigid narrowness, the other to disultory frivolity. But when the "many things" are regarded as branches of "the one thing needful," and the choice of that for ours consecrates and restrains within bounds the care about these; then the life will become serene and harmonious, and we shall be able to mingle in all active duties, nor move from our place at His feet. We shall work hard and heartily at various tasks, and yet the good part shall not be taken away from us by outward activity, any more than our possession of it will sequester us from vigorous service of God and man.

What a noble thing any life becomes that has driven through it the strength of a united single purpose, like a strong shaft of iron bolting together the two tottering walls of some old building! "But," you say, "how is that possible? My life is cut up into bits, frittered away into fragments. I cannot bring it into unity even apart from the breach that is made in it by the difference between things secular and things sacred. I cannot make even the week-days one whole, and how can I bring them and Sunday into harmony?"

Well, it is the spirit in which, not the act at which, we work, that makes life one. The accident of occupations may vary; but purpose and goal may remain the same. A hundred processes may go to the manufacture of one article, though it were only a pin; and all the multitude of our engagements may, if we will, be stages in one great journey.

We may always be trying to be like Jesus Christ, what ever be the material at which we toil. He was subject to his parents; He, I suppose, worked in a carpenter's shop He had passed through all varieties of earthly life. Whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, we may do all to the glory of God.

Such work will be the natural issue of Christian hope for the future, and of Christian oblivion of the past.

Take that as the test of Christian hope. If it makes you work, it is right; if it does not, there is something wrong with it. If it makes you think that it does not matter how you scramble through this life because you are going to another, you mistake the relation of the two lives. If it makes you restless, impatient, uneasy here, forever sickening to get out of this place where God has set you, in order to sink into some restful region beyond, you have not yet learned the nobleness and greatness either of the region to which you go, or to the region in which you live. But if your hope proves itself by the patience that comes from it, and your faith by the work which it produces, and your love by the labor which is its result, then you may believe that the hope and faith and love are of God, and will abide forever. Being in Christ, it is safe to forget the past, it is possible to be diligent in the present. Then how blessed such a life! For the past—"I was the chief of sinners, but I obtained mercy;" for the future—"We shall bear the image of the heavenly;" for the present—"I press towards the mark."

And our all course, if we have Him with us in the vessel, will be like sailing down some fair widening stream amongst rocky mountains and vine-clad slopes, with the blue sky above, every now and then seeming to be land-locked, and yet, as each rocky headland is rounded, the shining river stretches itself into another reach, and, laving the base of another verdant hill, slides broader and deeper to the quiet sea to which we come. "Wherefore forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those that are before, let us press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

CONTINUOUS PROVIDENCE.

Providence has no Sabbath. No night suspends it; and from its labors God never rests. If I may compare small with great, it is like the motion of the heart. Beating our march to the grave, since the day we began to live, the heart has never ceased to beat. Our limbs may grow weary; not it. We sleep; it never sleeps. Needing no period of repose to remit its strength, by night and day it throbs in every pulse; and constantly supplying nourishment to the noblest organs of our frame, with measured, steady untiring stroke it drives the blood along the bounding arteries, without any exercise of will on our part, and even when the consciousness of our own existence is lost in dreamless slumbers.

If this be a just view of Divine Providence, may we not rest securely? Shall we not bid our troubled spirit be quiet? "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord," says the inspired volume. There is an unslumbering eye upon us—there is a heart of infinite love beating responsive to every need of our earthly life—there are arms of Omnipotence underneath and around us. Let us be still—quiet as an infant in its mother's arms. Let us commit all our interests to the keeping of our heavenly Father—*Guthrie.*

SURELY I COME QUICKLY.

The Lord did not mean these words to be empty sounds. He meant His Church to listen and give heed to this solemn announcement. They speak to each passing age with deeper tone and more awakening voice. The voice of this trumpet waxes louder and louder as the ages roll away.

"Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed!" Are we, in the eager joy of our hearts, trying to measure the ages and count the few years or days that may lie between us and the Lord? Who can wonder that we should do so? Who would not wonder if we did not?

"His wife hath made herself ready." Are we ready? Is the bridal dress put on, "the fine linen clean and white?" Are we decked for the marriage supper? Are we keeping our garments undefiled? Are we "keeping ourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life?"—(Jude 21.)

And are we warning the ungodly? Are we *Noahs* in the prospect of that fiery deluge that is coming on the earth? Are we "preachers of righteousness?" Do we condemn the world?" Are we becoming more earnest in urging our message upon sinners—"flee from the wrath to come?"—*Christian Treasury.*

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Lve. Harrisburg ...	8:00	1:35	4:15	9:10
Arr. Carlisle,.....	9:00	2:35	6:15	10:10
" Chambersburg	10:30	4:00	6:45	P. M.
" Hagerstown...	11:30	5:00	P. M.	
" Martinsburg...	12:50	6:20		
DOWN TRAINS.	A.M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve. Martinsburg...		7:00		2:00
" Hager town....		8:25		3:25
" Chambersburg		9:30	1:00	4:33
" Carlisle	6:00	10:55	2:20	6:00
Arr. Harrisburg.....	7:00	11:55	3:20	7:00
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M

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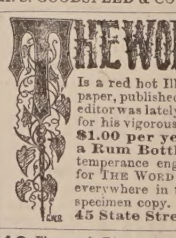

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General News.

HOME.

Four-fifths of all the Baptists in the world are found in the United States.

Requiem masses for the soul of Pius IX. were held in most of the Roman Churches of the land last week.

The body of Mrs. Pitman of Cincinnati, was cremated at the Le Moyne furnace Washington, Pa., on the 15th inst. The woman was of the school of advanced thinkers. No religious services were held. The detailed account of the burning is revolting.

The Reformed (Dutch) Foreign Mission Board has received for the nine months of the present fiscal year $36,564, as against $34,522 in the same time last year The sum of $54,000 is needed by April 30th, to meet all the expenses of the year.

In reply to a resolution of the Senate, the President has transmitted a statement showing the cause of the Nez Perces Indian war. The statement shows that the cost of the war was $931,329, of which $581,738 were expended for transportation of troops and supplies.

The debate in Congress upon the bill to authorize the coinage of the standard silver dollar, and to restore its lega -tender character, was continued in the Senate through Friday night, a number of amendments being presented and voted on, and finally, at 5 o'clock on Saturday morning, the bill was read a third time and passed, by a vote of 48 yeas to 21 nays.

At the presentation of the picture of the Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation, in Congress last week, Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, ex-Vice President of the Southern Confederacy, pronounced a glowing eulogy upon Abraham Lincoln. At a presentation of an engraving of the same picture to Howard University, President Hays and Frederick Douglass made addresses. The latter said:

"Among the faults of my people are their self-indulgence, love of ease, and improvidence. They must learn to spend their earnings judiciously. If one can't get up, he will be helped down. They have a fair chance to get up. They are on their way to Congress, and if the negro can stand Congress, Congress ought to stand the negro. The colored men have been forced up by abnormal conditions, but they are coming up gradually by their own exertions."

Mr. Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, owns a pair of ancient leather gauntlets heavily worked in gold, which have a memorable history. They were William Shakespeare's, it is said, and were given to Garrick, in 1769, by a lineal descendant of Anne Shakespeare's family. The donor told Garrick that, according to the unbroken tradition of the family, they had frequently been worn by Shakespeare. Davy Garrick valued them above all his other Shakespearean treasures, and his widow bequeathed them to Mrs. Siddons. She left them to her daughter, Mrs. Combe, and Mrs. Combe bequeathed them to Mrs. Francis Kemble, who gave them to Mr. Furness. Even if they were not Shakespear's, their other associations would make these gauntlets treasures.

Among the treasures of Marshfield, Daniel Webster's home, lately burned, were Healey's fine portrait of Webster; a Marble bust of Pope Pius IX.; engraved likenesses of Melbourne, Wellington, Burke and other English statesmen; a portrait of Queen Victoria; miniatures of the children of Mr. Webster, and a scaglio table presented to him by King Bomba. The house also contained a set of Sevres ware once owned by Louis Philippe; a part of the "Rush silver," two-thirds of which was presented by the late Mr. Harvey to the Somerset Club, and all the wedding presents of a grand daughter of Mr. Webster, valued at $10 000. On these there was no insurance; fortunately, however, the pictures and silver were insured for $3,000. The mansion itself was insured in the Massachusetts Mutual Insurance Company for $6,200 Mrs. Webster, after the fire, became the guest of Miss Adelaide Phillips, whose house is near the famous homestead which now lies in ashes.

According to the census of New York, for 1875, there were at the time within the bounds of the State, 6,320 church organizations, 6,243 church edifices, and sittings in churches for 2,537,470 persons. The total of church property was $117,597,150. The average sum paid to clergymen is $839, and the total paid $5,308,391. The Methodists have 1,785 organizations in the State, the Baptists 823, and the Presbyterians 708. The Methodists have sittings for 619,382 persons, Roman Catholic sittings for 307,226, and the Presbyterians sittings for 333,442 The Roman Catholics have 518,714 members (all baptized persons being counted); the Methodists, 180,782; the Presbyterians, 111,660, and the Baptists, 110,240. Comparing the denominations as to property, the Protestant Episcopalians have $24,601,370; the Roman Catholics, $22,668,080; the Presbyterians, $19,116,170. The three denominations which pay the largest salaries are, Methodists, $1,137,885; Presbyterians, $950,770; Protestant Episcopalians, $810,872. The facts are given as summarized by *The Baptist Weekly*.

FOREIGN.

The English Turkish Missions Aid Society, founded during the Crimean war, mainly to aid the work of the American Missionaries in Turkey, Persia, Egypt, Syria, and Greece, has contributed $260,000 during the past twenty years.

The Evangelical Alliance proposes to erect a hall near the Paris Exhibition grounds, capable of holding 500 persons, with a smaller room adjoining for committee and prayer-meetings, and for a resort for Christian brethren of all nations.

The news from the Eastern war to Feb. 15th is thus summed up by the New York *Tribune*:

"The danger of war between England and Russia is increasing hourly. Lord Derby has sought to dissuade Russia from occuping Constantinople, and has told her that any attempt to seize Gallipoli, or menace the communications of the British fleet, might lead to serious consequences. This intimation appears to have been disregarded by Russia, as on Friday her troops had odcupied part of the Constantinople line of defences. Russia has asked Germany to exercise her influence in favor of peace. Austria is not likely to take sides with England. Part of the British fleet was to enter the Bosphorus yesterday. Public excitement is increasing at St. Petersburg. It is probable that the Greek army will re ënter Thessaly and Epirus."

Later advices say that the peace prospects are brighter. The British fleet has been withdrawn from Constantinople in hope of preventing the entrance of Russia. A peace conference is now proposed. The Czar urges that the United States should participate, and England wishes Greece to have a voice. Austria, although negotiating for a loan, and deciding upon a partial mobilization of her army, to be ready in case things are not settled by a conferencnce, decided to refer the question to Prince Bismarck, and his good offices resulted in Russia's consent to an early meeting of the congress.

A special despatch to the *Times* from Berlin says that not only is it unlikely that Germany will undertake the part of arbiter by declaring against any power attempting to interfere with Russia, but the indications are that Russian action is regarded in Berlin as at variance with the understood programme, namely, the liberation of Christians, and nothing more. The interpellation on the Eastern question comes on in the Reichstag on Tuesday.

Farm and Garden.

PORTABLE FOOD FOR HORSES.

The *Journal de Saint Petersbourg* furnishes the following details regarding the preserved food for horses, prepared in the event of a scarcity of oats, or in case the transport of food as used at present should prove too difficult. This food is composed of pounded oats and gray pea-flower, mixed with hemp seed oil and salt. The paste obtained by this mixture is then cut up into thick cakes of about four inches in diameter, pierced with small holes to assist the soaking in water. On being taken from the oven, these cakes are strung upon wires, so that each wire contains the daily ration for a horse. Each ration of the weight of four pounds is equal in nutriment to ten pounds of oats It is stated that the horses are extremely fond of these cakes, whether soaked in water or quite dry; and although when fed exclusively on these cakes they become thinner in appearance, they do not lose any of their strength, though hard worked.

Obituaries.

DIED.—Near St. Clairsville, Pa., Ada Ellen Hershberger, aged 2 years, 6 months and 29 days.

DIED.—In Butler Township, Butler County, Pa., on February 7th, John Clarence, son of A. O., and Mary Elizabeth Eberhart, aged 2 years, 4 months and 29 days.

On the 9th instant, we laid his little body down to sleep in the grave, and the occasion was improved by a discourse from the pastor on Job 14: 10.

Lovely Johnny, brie was thy stay,
Short and hasty was thy day,
Ending soon thy journey here
Pain and grief no more to bear. W. B. S.

DIED.—In Butler, Pa., on the 31st of January, 1878, of diptheria, James Rudolph Bertmas, aged 5 years, 8 months and 18 days, and on February 4th, Theressa Ann Bertmas, of the same disease, aged 3 years, 2 months and 13 days.

The parents of both these children are John W. and Priscilla Bertmas. They are indeed, sorely tried by the afflicting hand of Providence; but we trust, the afflictions may work together for their spiritual good. Both of these lovely children were buried in the cemetery at Zion's or Henshaw Church, and the occasions were improved by suitable sermons from the pastor. W. B. S.

DIED.—On the morning of the 6th of February, at his residence in Columbia, Pa., George F. Sieple, aged about 52 years.

The deceased was a consistent member of the Reformed church of Columbia, for nearly thirty years. Though one of the humble ones in life, whose benevolence was counted by mites, rather than by dollars, yet the congregation had reposed in him its most sacred offices and trusts. His name has been intimately connected with every congregational movement during the last thirty years. His attendance upon the regular Lord's day services was very punctual, and the Sunday School had no more faithful and devoted teacher. In his death, the wife has lost a loving husband; the community a man of sterling worth, and the Church, a devoted member. "So teach us to number our days, and apply our hearts unto wisdom." PASTOR.

Acknowledgments.

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Mrs A C Kurch, Lebanon	5 00
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Baringer, E C, Bausman, Rev Dr B, Benner, Saml, Beaver, C N, Bridenbaugh, Rev S R, Baker, H A.
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Dechant, Rev G B, Delong, Rev J F, Derr, Rev T, Deatrick, W W, (2), Devit, A A, Dieffenderfer, Rev M H.
Engleman, J P, Essig, Wm, Evans, Rev L K.
Flick, F A, Fahnestock, B F, Ferguson, W J, Fouse, Rev D S, Foil, Rev J A, Fraunfelter, A, Fisher, J R.
Griffith, G W, Gibbs, L, Geotz, Geo A, Gring, Rev W A, Garner, Rev H S, Griesemer, E, Gerhart, Rev D W, Getwen, S M, Ger Pub House, (2), George, Geo, Glaes, G.
Haas, Rev W A, Houtz, Rev A, Heller, Rev A J, Hoffmeier, Rev H W, (3), Hullhorst, Rev F, Hassler, Rev J, Herr, Rev E.
Jones, L E, Jones, H L.
Kehm, Rev J, Kast, Mrs Ella A, Kendig, Rev J M, Knepper, Rev B, Kuhns, Jacob H, Kremer, Rev E N, King, Rev H, Kern, H S, King, Mrs M S, Krueger, Rev J H.
Lady, Rev D B, Lackins, J W, Leberman, Rev J J, Leisering, Trexler & Co., Leh, T J, Leonard, Rev G H, Lawall, L H.
Miller, Daniel, (2), Miller, Rev Dr, Moyer, C F, McEnkee, R, Mohr, Rev F J, Mosser, John, McConnell, Rev J.
Noss, Rev J G, Nagle, J C, (2) Neagley, J.
Pellman, D W.
Rodenmayer, Thos, (2), Rummell, Geo, Riegel, M J, (2), Roath, S A, Robinson, E P, Rinker, C H, Roth, Rev H W, Rifenberg, H D, Riale, Rev J.
Slagle, C S, (3), Santee, Rev Dr J M, Staffer, Rev T F, Snyder, J T, Strassburger, Rev N S, Shenkle, Rev A B, Skyles, Rev N H, Stephens, A N, Shook, J H, Steckel, H J, Smith, Eli, Smith, H B, Swander, Rev J I, Smith, Rev M A, Schaeffer, Rev N C, Schaeffer, O Beckie, Stanton, Mrs M.
Thompson, Rev J B, (2), Titzel, Rev J M.
Vickers, Thos.
Wingerd, A B, (2), Wolff, W S.
Yeich, W R.
Zehring, Rev J D, Zieber, Rev Dr W K, Zacharias, Rev G M.

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